

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART IV.

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### EQUIVOCATION, AS TAUGHT BY ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

THE premature demise of the *British Critic*, some nine or ten years ago, was the establishment of the fortunes of another periodical, just then rising from inanity to vigorous life. The *Christian Remembrancer*, whose antecedents were not damaged by any of those uncompromising declarations which had bestowed on its bolder contemporary a celebrity so offensive in the eyes of Anglican dignitaries, forthwith became a sort of organ of the more advanced school of Romanising Tractarians. In the hands of a clever editor, and a few ready and not over-scrupulous writers, it speedily gained a respectable position among Dr. Pusey's adherents. This position it has, we believe, maintained to the present time with a very fair amount of ability; and, we dare say, has succeeded in throwing dust into the eyes of some few persons whose consciences were awakening to the falsehoods of Puseyism.

How far its writers are sincere in their professions, we cannot tell. They certainly do not wear the mark of ingenuousness on their countenance. Sincere or not, however, their position is a false one; their very existence depends upon the maintenance of one of the plainest untruths ever maintained by persons of reputation in the world, viz. the non-Protestant character of the English Establishment. Hence they have a double game to play. Like a fraudulent bankrupt, they have (as the saying is) to *cook* their accounts. One story is to be told to one subscriber, and another to another. Each number of the Review must furnish articles, not merely for readers of different tastes, but of different creeds. The anti-Roman Establishmentarian must be quelled with some heavy blow from the Fathers or the non-Jurors; the æsthetic and ritual-loving

"Romaniser" is to be coaxed into quiet with the luxuries of vestments, pictures, and rosaries; bolder thinkers are to be lectured on the sin of restlessness, and the virtue of shutting one's eyes to one's danger; while the timid conscience is to be scared by artful stories of fresh discoveries of Roman corruptions, not of the raw-head and bloody-bones species, but drawn from the reports of Puseyite travellers, or from misrepresentations of the works of Catholic theologians.

One might have supposed that such a game was too desperate to succeed, and that its inevitable consequence must have been the disgust of the readers of so hot-and-cold a periodical; as we have known a whole family confirmed in their intentions of becoming Catholics by the private conversations of Dr. Pusey, who said one thing to one of them, and the opposite to others. The Anglican stomach, however, if we may judge from the diet prepared for it, has a marvellous power of what doctors call *assimilating* the food, of whatever quality, that is presented to its acceptance. It can digest alike a book of rosaries stolen from the Catholic Church, and a fierce attack on the morals of a Catholic Saint and Theologian. Without the faintest twinge of dyspepsia, it can nourish its flow of true Protestant blood on a glowing panegyric of a French Jesuit, washed down with a stream of declamation against the demoralising principles of Jesuit theology. It can thank God for the purity of the sustenance derived from the morals of some utterly uninfluential old Anglican divine, while it eulogises that model of pious Englishmen and really influential nobleman, Lord Shaftesbury, for his "manful sincerity" in breaking a solemn agreement, when he thinks it ought to be broken "for Gospel purposes." Such is the fate of men whose principle it is to confound the order of nature with the order of grace, and who pledge themselves, at all costs, to the maintenance not of the Christian faith, but of the rights of the Established religion of England.

The last-published number of the *Remembrancer* contains a well-imagined example of the devices adopted to terrify the more sensitive consciences of the Tractarian school. Immediately preceding a paper on the French pulpit, in which the writer tells us that "it would be aiming too high" for Protestants "to have a *Metropolitan College of Oratorians!*" we have an elaborate essay on "Equivocation," as it is called in ordinary language; though its writer prefers the somewhat affected title, "S. Alfonso de' Liguori's Theory of Truthfulness." The paper is cleverly drawn up, and displays rather more acquaintance with its subject than is usual with anti-Catholic writers. Addressing himself to the magnanimous and righteous feelings of the British Lion, by an occasional falsification of

fact imperceptible to the British intellect, the Reviewer gives a turn to the course of his reasoning wholly at variance with the existing truth; while the *real* question, which lies at the root of the whole matter, is never even for an instant alluded to. The British Lion, however, when not engaged in roaring at Papists or in devouring them, is too well pleased to find himself appealed to as a personage of immaculate "truthfulness," and of unimpeachable morals in general, to be very severe in testing the "truthfulness" of the flattery which glides into his ears; and we have little doubt that he will finish the perusal of the article before us with a placid sensation of contentment; muttering between his teeth, as he proceeds to growl at the Russian Bear or the Austrian Eagle, "Thank God, I am an Englishman!"

Still, there are Protestants who would willingly hear what a Catholic has to say in reply to so plausible a statement as is here put forth. Every reader of the *Christian Remembrancer* is not like the author of this attack on one of the most celebrated of Catholic Saints; whose clear object it is to blacken the name of Liguori by any means that can be employed, if so he may deter any anxious soul from submitting to the hated sway of the Pope. Some, for mere charity's sake, would fain learn that, after all, we Catholics are not so many tricksters and swindlers. Some, whose dearest friends have forsaken all in embracing that creed which is here held up to scorn, would rejoice to be assured that those whom they still love, though long separated, are not quite the victims of a debased morality, abhorrent alike to the "honour of an Englishman" and the principles of the Gospel. Others, again, simply shrewd and hard-headed thinkers, will suspect that there *must* be some flaw in so grievous a charge; and that either the accusations against St. Alphonsus are gross exaggerations, or that the Church of Rome is not really pledged to his opinions, or that (if humbug were rigorously eschewed by Protestants themselves) there is some undeniable measure of truth in the principles on which Liguori's views of morals are based. To such as these, men of good feeling and good sense, we appeal, from the misrepresentations, calumnies, and shallownesses of such writers as this Reviewer; calling upon them, in the name of that truth and justice which we are charged with violating, to beware how they repose any trusts in the *ex-parte* statements of a class of controversialists, who neither understand the doctrines of the Church they assail, nor the books they pretend to criticise; and who are so bent upon making out a case against Rome, that they must needs strike her with weapons which would avail for the destruction of all human



society itself. We appeal to every honest Englishman, who would do to others what he desires they should do to him, and who would scorn either to accuse his neighbour falsely, or to brand him with guilt, for precisely those very acts which he is deliberately, and with a good conscience, committing in his own person every day that he lives.

In the first place, then, we have to assure the candid reader, that the entire accusation here brought against the Church of Rome rests upon an assertion which has no sufficient foundation in fact. The Reviewer would have his readers believe that, in exposing the moral theology of St. Alphonsus Liguori, he is really displaying the iniquities of the doctrines, not merely of an individual and an influential teacher, but of the Roman Church herself! That a person totally unacquainted with Catholic theology, with the language of official documents, and with the mode in which those documents are interpreted, both by those who receive and those who issue them,—that such a person should attribute a greater degree of authority to the writings of St. Alphonsus than they really possess, is but natural; and were this all, we could have little fault to find with any Protestant thus mistaken. But the case is wholly different when a man proceeds to instruct his fellow-religionists with dogmatic decision, and claims to be heard as one thoroughly master of the entire subject. To a Catholic it is palpable that the whole question is totally new to the writer before us. Excited by the popular mention of Liguori's name, he has ordered his *Moral Theology* and *Homo Apostolicus* from his booksellers, read away at a rapid pace, marking every passage that he thought could be turned into a weapon of assault; and has forthwith worked up the whole into an article, without bestowing an hour's pains to ascertain whether the very first step in his argument was not radically an error. A moment's thought must have convinced so clever a person that it was *impossible* that his interpretation of the sanction given by Rome to St. Alphonsus' writings could be correct; and we say that he was bound in conscience to stay his eager pen till he had learnt the exact truth.

But to the recklessness of a retained accuser he adds the dishonourable artifices of the crafty advocate. He *professes* to charge Rome with immoral teaching, on the ground that she has sanctioned the books of St. Alphonsus; but when he comes to details, he mixes up extracts from other writers, as authoritative exponents of Roman morality, to which no shadow of sanction was ever given, which were put forth from a source actually condemned by the Church, or even rest upon no alleged authority whatsoever. Of all writers in the world, Pascal



is selected as the expositor of Catholic doctrine. We might as reasonably fasten upon the *Record* newspaper as the expositor of the views of Dr. Pusey. An anonymous treatise on *Equivocation*, some three hundred years old, but whose existence was only lately discovered, is freely quoted, by way of proof of what the Catholic Church now authoritatively instructs her children to believe as the undoubted word of God; merely because certain phrases used by the unknown casuist sound uglier in the British ear than any thing to be extracted from the works of the Saint. So, too, a story about St. Francis is detailed, confessedly "not found in Liguori;" but (says our truth-seeking Reviewer) "accepted by Roman controversialists as a faithful exponent of their views, and justified as such." What, we may well ask, has all this to do with St. Alphonsus Liguori, or with the casuistry *authorised* by the Church of Rome? Or what right has Garnet to appear in any such connection? The artifice is transparent. The object is to confer an appearance of *learning* on the writer's dissertations, and to convince the hesitating Protestant reader that Catholic theologians are one and all a band of deceivers,—traitors to God, and the foes of man. To these incidental illustrations of the wickedness of Catholic casuistry we shall therefore allude no further. Whether the authors of the propositions here attributed to them were right or wrong, neither we nor any other Catholics are bound by them. The principles, moreover, on which they must be judged are identical with those on which St. Alphonsus bases his opinions, and in handling the latter they will be in reality fully discussed.

We have said, then, that the argument of the *Remembrancer* against Rome, drawn from certain documents sanctioning the theology of St. Alphonsus, is radically baseless. The Reviewer has entirely misunderstood the *nature* of the sanction thus conferred. If he had inquired of any competent Catholic theologian, he would have learnt this the moment he put the question. He need not have committed the unpardonable enormity of visiting a Catholic prelate or priest in his own proper person. He need not have said one word about his being a Protestant when he made the inquiry. He might have adopted the common Puseyite "equivocation," and called himself a "Catholic." A brief letter to the following effect would have speedily settled his doubts:—"Will you be good enough to inform me whether the sanction given by Rome to the writings of Liguori is meant to imply that no Roman Catholic is at liberty to maintain an opposite opinion on any of the details of morals found in his books?" We will venture

to say, that an emphatic "No; it does not mean this," would have come to him by return of post.

What, then, does this sanction imply? It implies that there is nothing in them which a theologian cannot hold with a safe conscience; nothing which is against the faith and sound morals,—*contra fidem et bonos mores*. It does not mean that, on those doctrinal subjects and those details of morals on which the Church herself *has pronounced no decision*, a Catholic may not, with an equally safe conscience, differ from St. Alphonsus.\* A Catholic is *bound* to believe every doctrine which the Church has authoritatively proposed to his belief. Beyond this, he is generally free to form his own opinion; provided only he does not consciously believe any thing inconsistent with those articles of faith which the Church has set forth. In morals it is the same as with doctrine. Certain truths, both general and in detail, no Catholic can deny, without virtually renouncing his title to be a son of the Church. Beyond these, he is bound only to believe and act according to his own judgment, exercised in humility and prudence, and with a sole desire to learn and to do what is right. St. Alphonsus has received no exclusive privilege to expound the infallible truth on those many questions on which the Church has not spoken,

\* The decree of approbation distinctly declares *that those who follow the opinions of other approved authors are not to be blamed*. The questions and their replies stand as follows:

"Eminentissimo ac Reverendissimo D.D. Cardinali Pœnitentiario Majori-Eminentissimo:

Ludovicus Franciscus Augustus, Cardinalis de Rohan-Chabot, Archiepiscopus Vesontionensis doctrinæ sapientiam et unitatem fovere nititur apud omnes diœcesis suæ qui curam gerunt animorum, quorum nonnullis impugnantibus ac prohibentibus Theologiam Moralem beati Alphonsi Mariæ à Liguorio, tanquam laxam nimis, periculosam salutis, et sanæ morali contrariam, Sacræ Pœnitentiariæ oculum requirit, ac ipsi unius Theologiæ Professoris sequentia dubia proponit solvenda: 1. Utrùm sacræ Theologiæ Professor opiniones, quas in suâ Theologiâ Morali profitetur beatus Alphonsus à Liguorio, sequi tutò possit ac profiteri? 2. An sit inquietandus Confessarius qui omnes beati Alphonsi à Liguorio sequitur opiniones à praxi Sacri Pœnitentiæ Tribunalis, hâc solâ ratione quòd à sanctâ Sede Apostolicâ nihil in operibus illius censurâ dignum repertum fuerit? Confessarius de quo in dubio non legit opera beati Doctoris nisi ad cognoscendum accuratè ejus doctrinam, non perpendens momenta rationesve quibus variæ nituntur opiniones; sed existimat se tutò agere eo ipso quòd doctrinam quæ nihil censurâ dignum continet, prudenter judicare queat sanam esse, tutam, nec ullatenùs sanctitati Evangelicæ contrariam.

#### DECISIO.

Sacra Pœnitentia, perpensis expositis, Reverendissimo in Christo Patri, S.R.E. Cardinali Archiepiscopo Vesontionensi respondendum censuit: Ad primum quæsitum: Affirmativè, *quin tamen inde reprehendendi censeantur, qui opiniones ab aliis probatis auctoribus traditas sequuntur*. Ad secundum quæsitum: Negativè, *habita ratione mentis sanctæ Sedis circa approbationem scriptorem servorum Dei ad effectum Canonizationis*. Datum Romæ, in sacrâ Pœnitentiariâ, die 5 Julii, 1831. A. F. De Retz, S. P. Regens. F. Fricca, S. P. Secretarius."



but on which as a theologian he was compelled to write in full details. The sanction of Rome acquits him of any, the slightest, shade of error in any thing he has written *as a Catholic*; but it does not place him above every other *theologian*, dead or alive, whose opinions differ from his on what (to use a popular phrase) are "open questions." Such an interpretation of the sanction is itself its own refutation. There would be an end at once of all theological writing, except for the purpose of maintaining St. Alphonsus' infallibility against all comers.

All this is plain enough to a Catholic; though to the Protestant, the whole of whose creed is the produce of his own thoughts and criticism, it is perhaps not so instantly clear. Yet surely a candid and intelligent Protestant will at least understand us, with a little thought. Take a single doctrine, for example, as an illustration of the difference between the Catholic and the Protestant conditions of mind on such subjects:—Every Catholic holds, and many Protestants hold the same, that the Second Person in the Blessed Trinity became Incarnate, and that Incarnate, He redeemed mankind. In connection with this doctrine, some of the Fathers held, and some modern theologians hold, that even if Adam and his posterity had not sinned, the Eternal Son would still have become Incarnate, though not to suffer. Now, such Catholics as hold both of these doctrines, nevertheless hold them on totally different grounds; they hold the former because the Church proposes it to their faith, the latter as a deduction from Scripture, or from grounds of theological reason formed by their own private intellects. The Protestant believer, on the contrary, would accept both doctrines on precisely the same ground. He might be more or less certain that they were true doctrines; but the reason *why* he held them would be, that he considered them to be contained in the Bible, or, as a matter of history, to have been held by the primitive Christians. Hence, being without personal experience as to these two distinct grounds for religious belief, the Protestant reader may be at first sight bewildered when he is told that a good Catholic can accept the Papal decree declaring that St. Alphonsus taught nothing against the faith and good morals, at the same time that he feels himself at liberty to differ from St. Alphonsus on (perhaps) a large number of the details of his writings. He is led astray by his want of acquaintance with our ordinary theological language, and with the primary elements of our religious ideas. He is accustomed to use the words *faith, true, certainty*, and the like, in senses different from those in which Catholic theology uses them. A Catholic has "faith" in those doctrines of revelation which the Church



authoritatively teaches him to be the word of God. On whatever other or kindred points he may have opinions, and however *certain* he may personally feel of the accuracy of the reasoning on which he has formed them, he never applies the term "faith" to that act of the mind by which he holds them as *true*. They are true *to him*, perhaps with the highest degree of certainty to which probable reasoning can attain; but still they are matters of private opinion after all.

Hence, the sanction conferred on the books of St. Alphonsus is attended with no practical puzzle to a Catholic. It does not occur to him to take it as a judicial decision in favour of the innumerable propositions enunciated by that theologian. It merely assures him, that if he personally is disposed to accept any of St. Alphonsus' opinions as just opinions, on St. Alphonsus' authority, out of respect for his judgment as a great Saint or theologian, he may do so "with a safe conscience" (*tutâ conscientiâ*), in the confidence that in nothing has St. Alphonsus contradicted the laws of morality or the decisions of the Catholic Church.

We refuse, then, *in limine*, to be held responsible as Catholics for any of the private opinions expressed by St. Alphonsus. We may be very good Catholics, and yet dissent from a vast number of the propositions which he has put forth. We are bound by what the Church teaches, and by nothing more. At the same time, let it not be supposed that we individually are hereby throwing St. Alphonsus overboard, as the saying is, because he has taught certain things which look ugly in the eyes of English Protestants. We particularly beg that it may be understood that we are merely stating the facts of the case. We should regard it as in the highest degree impertinent, either to publish or to hold any thing that could be termed an opinion on such a multitude of details, many of them involving points of the most complex difficulty. It may comport with the ideas of anti-Catholic reviewers, who know about as much of moral science as an attorney's clerk in the first month of his articleship knows of legal science, to announce decisions on the most subtle and complicated questions of human duty; but far from us be any such folly. For all we know, every opinion uttered by St. Alphonsus may be really true, in the profoundest sense of the word; or many of them may be erroneous. We only refuse to be held responsible for any thing which the Church has not taught us. And if we now proceed to vindicate the principles of morals which the writer before us has attacked, we do it not merely as defending St. Alphonsus, *dear as his reputation is to us*, but in the hope of clearing away some little of the cloud of

misconception which confuses the judgment of honourable men among Protestants, when they criticise the books and the acts of Catholics. The article in the *Christian Remembrancer* is a fair sample of the better class of attacks thus levelled against us; and it embodies all, or nearly all, of the common notions of the Protestant observer. We are therefore content to notice its remarks rather more in detail than would be strictly necessary if we treated it on its own merits alone. Our only difficulty is to compress what we must needs say into such a compass as our space permits. Not merely a treatise, but treatises, would be necessary for the full exposition of the subjects involved. Any difficulty, accordingly, which the non-Catholic reader may experience in comprehending what we say, we must beg him to impute, not to the inherently inexplicable nature of Catholic morality, but to the difficulty of unfolding its principles in the compass of a few pages.

Our first duty is to warn Protestants of candour and honesty against such insinuations as are conveyed in the paragraph in which the *Remembrancer* opens his case. After proving, as he supposes, that Liguori is Rome's "latest authoritative exponent of her moral system;" the word "system" meaning with this writer not merely the principles of morals, but every detailed proposition contained in Liguori's writings; the Reviewer insinuates that there exist in Liguori's books far worse things than his teaching on equivocation, telling his readers that "the laws of decency" forbid him from exhibiting their "most revolting features." From such words only one conclusion *can* be drawn by Protestants. They *must* believe—and the Reviewer must have foreseen it—that St. Alphonsus teaches a scandalously lax morality in connection with the sins forbidden by the sixth (among Protestants the seventh) commandment. That this writer considers that *no* detailed instructions ought to be given by moralists on sins of this nature is incredible: the Editor of the *Remembrancer*, and the writers of his school, are not quite such shallow-brained impostors as to imagine that human passions are to be allowed to revel uncontrolled in the mire of any one sin, merely because that sin is of a peculiarly revolting nature. The *Remembrancer's* accusation is virtually to the effect that St. Alphonsus sanctions a degree of license which is reprobated by Protestants; a statement than which none more palpably and wickedly false was ever uttered by malignant controversialist. Of course, we cannot enter into details. The subject should never be touched on in our pages, but that insinuations and charges must be denied, for the sake of truth and

purity themselves. If this writer had the cause of truth and purity at heart, why did he not tell his readers *what St. Alphonsus himself says on the subject?* Why did he not quote what *could* be quoted? Why did he hint a vile suggestion, when a sentence or two from the object of his slanders would have dispelled all such unholy thoughts? Why did he not tell the alarmed Protestant reader, that St. Alphonsus prefaces his discussions on these distressing subjects with a burst of sorrow that he should be obliged to discuss them at all; entreating the pardon of the chaste reader for the bare mention of topics whose very name is defiling; lamenting the impossibility of clothing his advice in something still more obscure than the technicalities of a dead language; warning all men against reading what he has written as a matter of curiosity; and bidding them redouble their prayers for grace to preserve their own innocence? Such was the spirit in which *St. Alphonsus* addressed himself to his painful duties. What, then, would he have thought of those infamous writers who, under the guise of a zeal for holiness, publish to the world in newspapers and periodicals discussions which the Saint himself would never approach without trembling, and without commending himself to the protection of God?

Another unpardonable misrepresentation on the part of the *Remembrancer* occurs in its pretended explanation of the Catholic doctrine on the subject of mortal and venial sins. The writer's object is transparent. He wishes his readers to believe that Catholic moralists teach that when a sin is venial, it is really no sin at all; and that we abstain from venial sins through a sort of spiritual epicurism, in order to enjoy a perpetual fervour, and for no other reason whatever. Here are the very words:

"A mortal sin puts a man out of the grace of God, a venial sin does not, but only diminishes the man's fervour; and is so light a thing that it need never be confessed. What sins are mortal, and what venial, is left to the decision of the casuists."

Now, if language has any meaning, does not this mean distinctly that a venial sin is considered by Catholics as in no sense really *a sin*, a thing forbidden by God, a thing which is an offence against His Majesty? Mark the craft of the last clause in the quotation; it is *so light a thing that it need never be confessed*. Undoubtedly it need not be confessed, if by "need not" is meant that there is no absolute obligation to confess it to a priest. The Church teaches that Almighty God makes it obligatory on all to confess to a priest all those sins which are of such a character as to exclude the soul from grace, as the condition on which absolution is to be pro-



nounced and the lost blessings restored. By this means the benefits of the atonement of Jesus Christ are conveyed to the penitent sinner. And this is all that is required in the way of *sacramental* confession for the pardon of sin, provided it be accompanied with genuine sorrow and purpose of amendment. But to infer from this that those sins which are not actually and instantly destructive of the spiritual life itself, are treated by the Church as trifles, as not *sins* in any just sense of the word, as what the world calls infirmities or peccadilloes, is absurd. Every sin, venial as well as mortal, is to be confessed from the heart, and with a true contrition, *to Almighty God*; though, in the case of venial sins, God does not require that the confession shall be made to a priest also. The soul of every sincere Catholic is incessantly occupied in the confession of the innumerable varieties of sin, from the worst to the lightest and most transitory, from which no man without a special privilege is wholly free. And, moreover, though we are bound, under the heaviest of penalties, to confess only mortal sins to a priest, in practice every Catholic above the most miserably lukewarm and heedless, does thus confess his venial as well as his mortal sins. There is not a spiritual writer in existence who does not inculcate the practice. Various motives are assigned for the practice, which we need not here detail, except these two weighty reasons, viz. that a carelessness about venial sins tends directly to the commission of those which are mortal; and that sins which, viewed as a question of theological science, are in themselves venial, in certain cases become mortal in the individuals who commit them. None insist on this more urgently than St. Alphonsus himself. And we entreat our Protestant fellow-countrymen to bear all this in mind, and not to be led away by the vulgar error which treats the Catholic term "venial" as equivalent to the popular term "trifling," venial sins being really of various degrees of enormity.

The writer before us further adopts that other wide-spread error, which treats the Catholic division of sins into mortal and venial, as an arbitrary distinction, the invention of an unspiritual casuistry. He tells us that it is "totally impossible that the arbitrary division of sins into mortal and venial can be maintained." What will not party spirit lead a man to say? Is this the sentiment of a disciple of the Oxford theology, or is it one of the silly platitudes in which the shallowest of "evangelicals" betray the inconsistencies of their creed? We appeal from both alike to the common sense of every Englishman who does not hold the notion that all men are exactly alike in the sight of God, and will all be saved when

they die. We ask every honest mind whether there are not differences between the enormity of the many sins of which man is guilty towards his God? Is it not possible that a man should do that which is forbidden by the divine law, and yet not be guilty of a deliberate renunciation of the sovereignty of God, as his Maker and his King? Is a "white lie" as bad in the sight of God as deliberate perjury? Is a blow given in a moment of passion equally horrible with murder? Is a person who swindles a poor man of his all no worse than another who, in a moment of sudden temptation, carries off a little ornament from the house of a nobleman of gigantic wealth, only because the actual money value of the loss to both parties is the same? So far from the distinction between mortal and venial sins being arbitrary, it cannot be denied without violating the first principles of morals and the dictates of every human conscience. Every body holds it, every body professes it, and every body acts upon it.

And, further, unless we hold that *all* men are equally in the favour of God, the effect of some sins on a person's spiritual prospects must be different from that of other sins of a different degree of guilt. Does deliberate murder put a man out of the favour of God, so long as it is unrepented of, or does it not? If there is a heaven and a hell, will the deliberate and unrepentant murderer go to heaven? and will a man be sent to hell for stealing a pin? No doubt it is *possible*, theoretically, to steal a pin with such an aggravation of wicked motives as to render the act tantamount to a voluntary defiance of the majesty of God; as it was for eating an apple that Adam lost Paradise. But, as the world goes, is pin-stealing, or equivocating in trifling affairs, an offence which God has told us He will inevitably punish with hell-fire? Are these offences regarded by the law of God as entailing the *same* consequences as murder and adultery? If not, then the one class are venial sins, and the other class are mortal. One class of sins can be committed by a man who is nevertheless a good Christian, and not a reprobate; the other would convert a saint into an outcast.

We repeat, then, that the Catholic distinction between mortal and venial sins is absolutely essential to the guidance of the soul in the law of God. There can be no Christian morals at all without it. The denial of the distinction is equivalent either to the blackest antinomianism, or to the denial of the existence of a future state of rewards and punishments. And it is the daily torment of every tender Protestant conscience that it has no intelligible guide in such things. It is its misery that, when it seeks to know itself and its sins, it has no test

whereby to ascertain what is the *nature* of the guilt of its perpetual transgressions of the divine law. Vainly it strives for some light, to show it whether those faults into which it finds that it is practically impossible not to fall, are of so heinous a character as to exclude it from the favour of that God whose law it seeks to know. Were there no other proof that Protestantism, in all its forms, is not the Gospel of Jesus Christ, this test alone would suffice to set aside its claims.

That on certain matters of detail there exist different opinions among Catholic theologians, is no proof that it is futile to attempt to show that one transgression of the divine law is mortal, and that another is not. Is the science of human laws worthless, and no practical guide at all, because on certain abstruse questions legal casuists are not all entirely agreed? Are we to fly in the face of the rules which God has given to guide us, because there are certain complications of human action in which it is not easy to ascertain the precise scientific definition of the complications in question? If it has pleased the Divine wisdom to create man as a complex being, with a soul and a body, each of them subject to the action of a vast variety of motives and feelings; and, moreover, to place him in the midst of a society towards the members of which his relationship is of the most multiform character, what right have we to confound the inherent distinctions between right and wrong in human acts, because it is not always easy to say whether a certain action is included in a certain precept, or to fix speculatively the exact amount of guilt which every possible act of disobedience implies?

The assertion made by the *Christian Remembrancer*, to the effect that there exists *practically* any difficulty for Catholics in ascertaining what is their duty, and what are their sins in the overwhelming majority of instances, is simply a fabrication. The writer dips into the books of one or two moralists, totally in the dark as to the principles assumed, and the rules by which their scientific propositions are applied in practice; and, as might be expected, takes up an idea which is contradicted by the experience of every person who *is* a Catholic. He informs his readers that *when the agreement of moralists might be of use, it never exists*. If such is our difficulty, may we ask him to inform us how Protestants ascertain what things are right and what are wrong, when the Bible says nothing as to the particular details of the case in hand? Take such a case of conscience as the mode of observing the Lord's day. Is it a mortal sin in a member of the Anglican Church not to go to church, when he is not absolutely hindered by necessity, every Sunday? If it is so, is he bound to go once, twice, or



three times? If it is a venial sin, may a man *never* go, and yet remain in the grace of God? If not, where is the line to be drawn? Or is such absence from public worship a sin at all? How ought a good Anglican Christian to pass the remainder of the Lord's day? May he read the newspaper? May he read a novel? May he give a dinner-party? May he play at cards? May his children play with their toys, and dance and romp about the house? If they may do this, and their parents may not do any thing of the kind, at what age does the prohibition commence its operation? May a good Anglican hire a cab to take him to church, when he knows that by so doing he will be morally instrumental in preventing the cabman's going to church himself? How much of the day ought he to pass in private prayer and spiritual exercises? Is it right to have railway-trains running on Sundays? If it is wrong to transact secular business on Sundays, is it right for a person in London to write to a country correspondent a business letter on a Saturday, thereby inducing him to occupy himself with secular affairs on the subsequent Sunday? If it is wrong to read a novel on a Sunday, is it right to mention a novel in conversation? And if so, why so? On all these, and innumerable other practical details on this one subject alone, there exists the utmost diversity of opinion among Protestants. Will the *Remembrancer* show us how the truth is to be ascertained? Are all these acts perfectly immaterial in themselves? Or is it impossible to test them by any one standard? Or may a good Anglican treat the whole subject with scorn, because there exists such a boundless diversity of opinion respecting it among the members of the Anglican communion? Yet this touches only *one* of the ten commandments, and that one, moreover, which deals with a positive command. When the Protestant can show us his own code of morals, perfect in its comprehensiveness, unimpeachable in its deductions, and embracing every detail of human action, it will be time for him to say that we Catholics have no practical code, because our doctors are not agreed in all the minutiae of scientific distinction.

One more remark is necessary, before we proceed to the subject of equivocation itself; and we here request the particular attention of the thoughtful reader, because it is essential to the right understanding of all Catholic moralists. With Catholic writers, it is to be observed, moral theology is *a science*. It is not a collection of essays, sermons, or spiritual reflections. It is the philosophical exposition of the duties comprehended in the laws which Almighty God has given to

his creatures, and especially to Christians, to obey. Now these laws are various; and the human passions, desires, and feelings which they are designed to control, are also various, as, too, are the virtues which it is man's duty to cultivate. The action of the human mind is not like the development of an algebraic or geometrical axiom, which stands rigorously alone, or is by its very nature implied in, or associated with, other elementary axioms. If, for instance, I once get hold of the true idea of a circle, I may deduce from that idea an endless variety of other geometrical truths by a series of simple syllogisms, each necessarily springing from its predecessor, without any necessity for *modifying* my deductions by the introduction of other truths of a counteracting nature at any stage of the process. This is what is called mathematical reasoning; and in its application, we have only to be sure of our original premisses, and of the logical correctness of our subsequent syllogisms, to be equally sure of the conclusions at which we may arrive at the most distant stages of our demonstrations.

But in morals the case is essentially different. Justice is one thing, mercy is another, truth is a third, humility is a fourth. The sin of murder is distinct from the sin of theft; the sin of lust is distinct from the sin of pride. And whereas in mathematics the properties of a circle *cannot* interfere with the properties of a triangle; in morals, the obligations of justice may interfere with the dictates of mercy; a man's duty to his right-hand neighbour may interfere with his duty to his left-hand neighbour. An act may be perfectly innocent when viewed in connection with one particular law of morals, while in connection with some other law it may become either highly undesirable or absolutely sinful.

Catholic moralists, accordingly, treat human actions under this double aspect; so that any opinion passed upon them from a partial knowledge of their system is certain to be erroneous. They treat of the virtues in combination as well as singly. They take one of the laws of God or of the Church, and test its applicability to that endless variety of human actions which *seem* to come under its operation. Some of these they decide to be violations of the precept before them, either in a mortal or a venial degree; and others they decide to be free from all charge of sin *on this particular ground*. But they do not therefore say that those things which they thus permit may not be forbidden *by some other law*. Take the case of some horrible enormity, committed by a man in such a state of drunkenness that he was not master of his actions, and did not know what he was about. Suppose he murders another man; is he really guilty of *murder* in the same sense as if he killed



his victim with deliberation when in his sober senses? He is guilty of drunkenness, but drunkenness is a different sin from murder; and when writing only on the sin of murder, a theologian might justly say that such a man was guiltless of murder. And what could be more scandalously dishonourable in a controversialist, than to assert that because a moralist maintained that such a person was not technically guilty of the one sin of murder, he was therefore acquitted as not guilty of any thing more flagrant than mere intoxication? But supposing that a man got drunk deliberately, or deliberately joined a company in which he would be in imminent danger of getting drunk, knowing when he did so, that it was likely that when drunk he would commit murder; then, in this case, he is guilty of that deliberately reckless defiance of the Divine law in general, which is a mortal sin of the deepest dye. It is a monstrous perversion of truth to take a few fragmentary passages from a scientific treatise, consisting of mere abstract definitions of certain virtues or certain sins, and to fasten upon them a *practical* meaning which their author would have been the last to give to any person who might consult him as to the right and the wrong of actual conduct. Every Catholic knows that the rules and scientific distinctions of theological writings are to be interpreted *for use* by those who are masters of the whole system of Catholic doctrine and practice. We do in religion precisely what every rational man does in law and medicine. None but a quack doctor or a silly invalid fancies that all human diseases are to be cured by a knowledge of merely one or two parts of the human frame, or of the nature of one or two medicines. Medical books need a competent and educated physician for their application to particular cases of disease. In law, who but a fool would peril his life or property on his personal study of one or two legal treatises, rather than seek guidance from a competent lawyer? And so, books of moral theology presuppose the interpretation of a living theologian.

From this rapid survey of the general character of theological science, we now proceed to the specific accusation brought by the *Remembrancer* against St. Alphonsus, on the subject of equivocation. He has chosen his topic well, in order to divert attention from the real controversy between the Church and Protestantism. Shallow minds are peculiarly impressible by the species of declamation here launched against Rome and her doctors. "Romish deceit" is one of the most popular of cries, easily raised, and easily buttressed up with a few startling quotations; and when the *Remembrancer* stumbled upon



these passages in Liguori, he doubtless looked upon them as a godsend, to enable him, the Puseyite, to give scientific accuracy and unanswerable weight to the vague and airy denunciations of the more vulgar school of anti-Catholic orators. Let us see what his accusations are fairly worth.

In thus endeavouring to put the question in a clear and intelligible light, we shall at the same time abstain from any minute examination of the various propositions maintained by St. Alphonsus, and here assailed as more or less abominable. No such examination is in the least degree called for, in order to settle the difficulty, such as it is, between Catholics and Protestants. The point in dispute is not simply whether this or that case of equivocation is justifiable, or whether, if deception be ever allowable, this or that form of deceiving is an allowable mode of practising it. If equivocation is wrong in itself, of course Liguori's instances are every one of them wrong; and their enumeration adds only to the rhetorical impressiveness, and not to the logical force, of the accusation against him. And on the other hand, if the principle of the lawfulness of equivocation be once admitted, the whole matter is settled against our Protestant opponents. Whether or not every opinion of St. Alphonsus can be maintained, as justifiable on the principles thus conceded, is a matter of no moment between us. The principles being conceded, the charges of our assailants fall to the ground.

The doctrine, then, alike of St. Alphonsus and of all Catholic moralists, is, that equivocation is in certain cases lawful for a Christian; nay, it may sometimes be his duty.\*

The law of truth does not forbid us to use certain words, or to practise certain gestures, with a view to conceal the truth; but it does forbid us to say or do that which necessarily conveys an idea directly contradictory to the real truth. I have no right to make a man believe that a white object is *certainly not* white, though I have a perfect right to conceal from him *whether or not* it is white. The latter is an equivocation; the former would be a lie. In the latter case I throw the burden of *finding out* the truth upon him; in the former I make it *impossible* for him to ascertain it by any means.† In particular cases it may not always be easy to say whether such and such a statement is an equivocation or a lie; just as in innumerable other instances moral science has its difficult

\* We use the word in the sense in which it is used by Catholic theologians, who give it strictly its etymological meaning—*equi-vocatio*. The popular English sense of the word implies some species of guilty or sinful quibbling, necessarily of a more or less dishonourable character.

† We recommend to the candid reader's attention an able Essay on the present subject by Dr. Murray of Maynooth, in the 4th vol. of his *Annual Miscellany*.

subtleties to analyse. The teaching of St. Alphonsus and of the great body of moralists is, that if we lie, we sin; if we equivocate for some just reason, we do not; *i. e.* of course, unless the equivocation involves the breach of some other law of morals. Or, a little more in detail, it amounts to this:

1. We are never allowed to tell a lie.
2. We are not always obliged to tell every body the whole truth.
3. When we have a sufficient reason for not telling it, we may use equivocal words, which conceal the truth but do not deny it.

4. But if the *equivocalness* is not ordinarily felt and known, so that the second meaning exists only in my mind, *purè mentalis*, I cannot use it.\*

Nor is the question affected by the addition of an oath to the equivocation. If an equivocation is perfectly innocent, it is ridiculous to suppose that the confirming it with an oath converts it into a perjury, or any species of sin, so far as truth-telling is concerned: though, possibly, the addition of an oath may be an act of irreverence, or the cause of scandal. If it is perfectly lawful for a servant to say, "Not at home," to a visitor, when his master *is* at home, it is perfectly lawful for him to confirm the statement with an oath, so far as *truthfulness* is concerned; though such conduct might be most unjustifiable on the ground of want of sufficient reason, profaneness, and disedification to others.

The proof of the lawfulness of equivocation is found in the undeniable truth, that man has other duties towards God and towards his neighbour besides the satisfaction of every person's curiosity, and the answering every querist's interrogations. The precepts of the divine law are to be interpreted in such a manner that one commandment shall not be made to clash with another, but that the whole shall work together in a self-consistent, harmonious, and practicable system. It is mere childishness to take a text from Scripture, and fasten upon it some one practical interpretation, which makes obedience to certain other texts an utter impossibility. The duty of the casuist is to ascertain the Divine Will, by studying the letter of the divine commands in the spirit of their true significance;

\* See his *Pratica dei Confessori*, chap. v. p. 2. v. 15. Altro è la bugia, altro è l'equivoco. . . . Quando dunque vi è giusta causa, ben possiamo lecitamente rispondere ed anche giurare coll' equivoco o colla restrizione non pura mentale, perchè allora non s'intende d'ingannare il prossimo (il che è sempre illecito) ma di permettere ch'esso s'inganni da se, giacchè non sempre siamo tenuti di rispondere secondo la mente di colui che interroga. Even if the Saint's examples or illustrations fail in their application, his doctrine is not wrong, and his theory of truthfulness remains perfect.

and not by heaping text upon text, assuming that he knows their full meaning from the beginning, and throwing them in the face of every person who takes a different view from himself.

Now, we allege that innumerable circumstances arise in the details of human life, in which a query cannot be directly answered without a violation of some moral obligation which we are bound to strain every nerve to fulfil. No man has a right to my knowledge, when I could not communicate it to him without injuring my neighbour or myself. I am not only permitted to keep my secret; I am bound by every law of love and justice to keep it. At the same time, it has pleased Almighty God to forbid absolute falsehood in men's intercourse with one another. My duty, therefore, is to keep both of these commands; to preserve the rights of him whom the telling of the whole truth would injure, and at the same time not to assert that a thing *is*, which really *is not*.

With this end, all sensible and conscientious men practise what is called *equivocation*. They use some phrase or gesture which will serve to conceal the information from the person who has no right to claim it, and at the same time will not necessarily make him believe that which is positively false. We repeat, that all sensible and conscientious men practise equivocation. Protestantism, not having any thing that can be called a recognised moral science, necessarily possesses no code of definitions on the subject of lying and equivocation. Every man has to follow the unaided dictates of his own conscience and common sense; but in practice he nevertheless equivocates incessantly; and it is only because he is little aware of the principles on which he acts, that he makes use of the charge of equivocation as a serviceable *cheval-de-bataille* for attacking the ranks of Catholic controversialists.

As to the precise nature of the devices by which truth may be lawfully concealed: here, of course, differences of opinion will arise. One man conceives some one class of devices to be natural, lawful, and honourable, which another disdains and denounces with indignation. The truth, however, we take to be this: that every country, every age, and every rank, will have its own particular recognised modes of equivocation; which are accordingly lawful, each to each, but which may be absolutely unjustifiable in cases where such modes are not recognised. The Englishman has one device, the Italian another, the American-Indian a third. Each may be totally different from the rest, and may appear detestable in the eyes of those who are not brought up in the corresponding state of public opinion; but, nevertheless, each mode answers its pur-



pose, which is to lay down a certain line of demarcation between what may be done, and may not be done ; so that every sensible person knows precisely where he stands, and in what circumstances the burden of discovering the truth is thrown upon a querist.

The Italian mode, adopted by St. Alphonsus Liguori, and by others of the same school long before he lived, may be one which has little attraction for the English mind. But so, also, the English style of equivocation may appear scandalous to a narrow-minded Italian. English public opinion does not happen to recognise any beauty or desireableness in what it considers a trick, and prefers what it calls a good open lie. But the fact is, that certain ideas are universally recognised in English society, which prevent what our Englishman calls a good open lie from being any lie at all, and confer on it the character of an equivocation. To the Englishman, therefore, those modes of speech may be permitted which would be absolute sins to an Italian, whose social phraseology is framed on a different idea. When this is borne in mind, the various equivocations justified by St. Alphonsus, and which seem to the *Christian Remembrancer* so ridiculously quibbling, and as striking at the very root of all mutual confidence between man and man, assume an entirely different aspect. If any nation or age chooses to adopt such devices, for the protection of those who possess information which they have a right to conceal, what is that to us ? These devices answer their purpose as well as ours do. Certain things are *known* to be equivocations ; and people are no more *deceived* by them, than when a British footman says, "My master is not at home," his master being at home all the while ; an expression which many Italian footmen would account a sinful lie.

For Englishmen, of all races of men, to denounce St. Alphonsus and other advocates of equivocation, is indeed an absurdity. The whole frame-work of our national and social life is (so to say) *oiled* with recognised equivocations ; which, so far as words go, are often nothing less than glaring falsehoods ; but which society agrees to accept as sentences of doubtful meaning. Begin with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

At Oxford (and we believe at Cambridge also) the Fellows swear to observe the college statutes, without the remotest intention of so doing. There is not a word of limitation to the promise, so as to confine it to things enforced. They swear as the original founders bade them, *i. e.* to do the very things which the founders intended to be actually and always done. There is no recognised authority for dispensing with the ob-

servance; yet the swearing goes on. Are these men all perjured, in the sense in which a man is perjured who passes on me a forged 50*l.* note, and swears that he knows it is not forged? By no means: public opinion sanctions the lie as a lawful one, and so far converts it from a lie into an unmeaning form. Doubtless it is a scandal, a trap for consciences, an abomination; but, strictly speaking, it is not a lie.

So in minor things: every body uses certain phrases, which distinctly assert a gross falsehood, taken literally; but which English society has agreed to accept as modes for concealing truths which the speakers wish to conceal, and for the use of which it does not condemn them as liars. A person arraigned before a court of justice positively denies his guilt, meaning only that he conceals the truth as to whether he is guilty or not. The lawyer who defends him puts on an appearance of belief in his innocence, and even asserts that innocence, throwing the burden of the proof of guilt upon the accuser. In other words, he "equivocates;" and society admits the lawfulness of his ambiguous language. As an illustration of the virtual adoption of the Catholic theory by Protestants, it is to be further observed, that there *is* a point at which an advocate is expected to stop in his asseverations of his client's innocence. Far as a barrister is permitted to go in his efforts to conceal a client's guilt, he is not permitted to throw that guilt on a person whom he knows to be innocent. This latter trick is treated as an unlawful lie.

Or take another legal case. An attorney who has the charge of an important lawsuit affecting the fortune of a client, is asked point-blank in private by a friend of the opposite party whether a certain document is in existence, the loss of which would decide the trial against his client. What would any honourable attorney do if thus questioned, supposing it was impossible to refuse a reply without a tantamount admittance that the document was lost? Will any rational person doubt that it would be his *duty* to frame some equivocal phrase, which would throw the questioner upon a wrong scent? Or, if he even positively asserted that the document was *not* lost, would not a justification be found for the assertion in the fact that the querist had no right to put the question?

A burglar breaks into my house, and asks where my money is concealed; or a murderer puts a question which involves the life of an innocent man. I answer him with direct falsehoods, so far as words go; but they are not real falsehoods, because the burglar and the murderer have put themselves into the position of an enemy in time of war,

where stratagems and deceits are honourable. They have no right to put the question, and therefore I am permitted to give them a false reply.

In war, as we have said, stratagems and deceits are honourable. In the settlement of a truce or a peace, they are dishonourable and unlawful. Yet in war there is one case, which might convince anti-Catholic polemics that morals frequently present problems most difficult to determine. We mean the position of *spies*. Is it inexcusable or excusable to go as a spy into the enemy's camp? If it is inexcusable, why do *all* military commanders employ spies; if it is excusable, why is the spy usually despised by his employers, and executed, when discovered, with an *ignominious* death? In the words of moral science, is spying equivocation or lying? In trade and business certain equivocations are universally permitted; while, at the same time, an arbitrary custom permits one person to use that particular equivocation which in another person's mouth would be a lie. I go into a bookseller's shop, and say, "What is the price of Macaulay's History of England?" The shopman names the exact publisher's price; or if he names another, it is a lower price. If he asks me more, I consider myself cheated and swindled. I walk out, and say to a fishwoman sitting by the side of the pavement, "What is the price of that pair of soles?" She knows nothing about my knowledge of the price of fish; but she replies, "Eighteenpence," when she means to take a shilling or ninepence, if she can get it. Does she lie, as the bookseller would have done if he had named a false price for Macaulay's England? Far from it. And why? Because it is the English custom to bargain for fish, but not for new books. The fishwife uses an "equivocation." Her meaning is, "The price is eighteenpence, *if you are foolish enough to give it me.*" And a man who ignorantly gave the eighteenpence would be a simpleton if he thought the woman a swindler for asking it.

Or, I walk into a linendraper's, and ask to see some silk, or linen, or what not, *of the best quality*. The man brings me a specimen, and says, "This is the best quality." But the chances are five to one, or ten to one, that it is not the best, *as I meant it*, i. e. the best *that is made*; and which the shopman perhaps knew that I meant. His reply was an equivocation, and fully stated, amounted to this, "It is the best quality *we have to sell.*" The custom of business, however, throws the burden of discovery *on me*, and exonerates the tradesman from the guilt of lying.

A person asks A. B. if he knows who is the author of a



certain paper in a periodical, or a certain book; A. B. himself being the author, but wishing to keep his secret to himself. He replies, "I have never *heard a word* about the subject." Will any literary man in England stigmatise this equivocation as a dishonourable falsehood? C. D. dines with E. F., and finds nothing that suits his palate or his digestion; and accordingly is half starved in the midst of plenty. Is it unlawful for him to equivocate, in his reply to his host's kind expressions of hope that he has made a good dinner?

In fact, private life would be intolerable without equivocation. Every impertinent fellow would be master of his neighbour's comfort and dearest secrets, if we were not to be allowed to put him off with phrases of doubtful meaning, in order to throw him on a wrong scent. The common and vulgar proverb, "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies," embodies alike the Catholic doctrine and the common judgment of humanity. It is equivalent to saying, "Ask no impertinent questions, unless you are willing to be deceived. If you do meddle with what does not concern you, you must not be surprised if you get lies in return." So far from equivocation being fatal to private peace and comfort, there could be none without it.

The disgraceful unfairness of the accusations made against Catholics by men who boast of the guileless simplicity of the true Protestant heart, comes out into still clearer light when we turn to the writings of the greatest Protestant authorities on moral subjects. It may answer a party-purpose to contrast a certain Bishop Sanderson with St. Alphonsus, after the fashion of the *Remembrancer*, and to assume that Sanderson is the exponent of the universal Protestant mind. But, in truth, the assumption is neither more nor less than an equivocation equivalent to a controversial falsehood of the first magnitude. For one follower of Sanderson, Jeremy Taylor has five hundred; and while Sanderson's books are confined to the shelves of a few "Anglo-Catholic" speculatists, Paley has actually formed the opinions of thousands and tens of thousands of Cambridge graduates. Hear Jeremy Taylor, then, on lying:—"It is lawful to tell a lie to our neighbour by consent, provided the end be innocent or pious." "To tell a lie for charity, to save a man's life, hath not only been done in all times, but commended by great, wise, and good men." "Who would not save his father's life, or the life of his king, or of a good bishop and guide of souls, at the charge of a harmless lie, from the rage of persecution and tyrants?" "If it be objected, 'that we must not tell a lie for God, therefore much less for our brother,' I answer that it does not fol-

low; for God needs not a lie, but our brother does." With much more to the same purpose.\*

Now turn to Paley:—"There are falsehoods which are not lies, *i.e.* which are not criminal; as, where the person to whom you speak has no right to know the truth, or more properly, where little or no inconvenience results from the want of confidence in such cases; as where you tell a falsehood to a madman for his own advantage; to a robber, to conceal your property; to an assassin, to defeat or divert him from his purpose. . . . Many people indulge, in serious discourse, a habit of fiction and exaggeration in the accounts they give of themselves, of their acquaintance, or of the extraordinary things which they have seen or heard; and so long as the facts they relate are indifferent, and their narratives, though false, are inoffensive, it may seem a superstitious regard to truth to censure them merely for truth's sake."†

Or, take the opinions of the great writers on national rights, whose opinions are regarded as of the weightiest importance in the conduct of affairs between state and state; we mean Grotius and Puffendorf. These writers were not Catholic casuists; but men of clear heads, sound judgments, and recognised integrity, in all that relates to the intercourse between man and man. First hear Grotius:

"Licet veritatem occultare prudenter sub aliquâ dissimulatione." Lib iii. (De Mendacio), § 7.

"Significationis falsitas, id est quod ad communem mendacii naturam requirimus. Cui consequens est cum vox aliqua aut sermonis complexio est *πολύσημος*, *i.e.* plures uno significatus admittit, sive ex vulgi usu, sive ex artis consuetudine, sive ex figurâ aliquâ intelligibili, tunc si animi conceptus uni istarum significationum congruat, non admitti mendacium, etiamsi putetur is qui audit in aliam partem id accepturus.

"Verum est talem locutionem usurpatam temere non probandam, sed potest ex accedentibus causis honestari: puta si id pertineat ad erudiendum eum qui curæ nostræ est traditus, aut ad evitandam iniquam interrogationem. . . . . Dictum Hebræorum hic pertinet: 'Si quis norit uti perplexiloquio, recte: sin minus, taceat.'" § 10.

Among other cases, he allows a lie (*mendacium*), "quod certum est eum ad quem sermo est libertatis suæ in judicando læsionem non ægre laturum, imo gratias habiturum eo nomine, ob commodum aliquod quod inde assequitur, tunc quoque mendacium stricte dictum, *i.e.* injuriosum, non committi." § 14. (3.)

\* Doctor Dubitantium, book iii. chap. 2.

† Moral and Political Philosophy, book iii. part 1, chap. 15.

“Quoties qui habet jus supereminens in omnia jura alterius, eo jure bono ipsius sive proprio sive publico utitur,” God excepted ; because a falsehood is a mark of weakness. § 15. (4.)

“Quoties vita innocentis, aut par aliquid aliter servari, et alter ab improbi facinoris perfectione aliter averti non potest.” § 16. (5.)

Now turn to Puffendorf: *Dévoirs de l'Homme et du Citoyen*; tr. par Barbeyrac. “La vérité consiste à faire en sorte que les signes extérieurs, dont on se sert, et surtout les paroles, représentent fidèlement nos pensées à ceux *qui ont droit de les connaître, et auxquels nous sommes tenus de les découvrir en vertu d'une obligation ou parfaite ou imparfaite*: et cela, soit pour procurer quelque avantage qui leur est du, soit pour ne pas leur causer injustement du dommage. Mensonge consiste à se servir de paroles ou d'autres signes qui ne répondent pas à ce que l'on a dans l'esprit, quoique celui avec qui l'on a affaire ait droit de connaître nos pensées, et que l'on soit obligé de lui en fournir les moyens, autant qu'il dépend de nous.” Lib. iv. cap. 1, § 8.

Hence, he says: “Rien n'est plus faible que les raisons dont quelquesunes se servent pour prouver que tout discours contraire à ce que on a dans l'esprit est criminel de sa nature. Quiconque, disent-ils, parle autrement qu'il ne pense abuse honteusement de sa langue, et déshonore par là ce bel instrument que le Créateur lui a donné pour manifester aux autres ses pensées,” &c.

In § 10 he says, that “the right to know our thoughts is not of nature, nor the right of the strongest, but solely conventional; it is indispensable for society that in general you should say what you mean, and mean what you say;” with a great deal more to the same purpose.

The barriers against the abuse of equivocation, and against its being allowed to grow into unlawful fraud, are laid down with accuracy by Catholic moralists. *We* know, therefore, what we are about. This thing is an equivocation, that thing is a lie. We know when we may rest assured that we have got at the truth, and when the burden of its discovery is thrown upon our own acuteness. . Hence the immense practical advantage of our minute casuistry, which seems so quibbling to those who are left to the vague generalities of mere essayists or preachers, or the unscientific speculations of their own judgments, often both weak and inexperienced. One chief safeguard laid down by theologians against the abuse of equivocation, lies in the fundamental axiom, that we may not equivocate to a person whose relation to us is such that he has a right *to know the truth*. The relation of a parent to a child,



of a master to a servant, of a judge to a witness, of a physician to a voluntary patient, even (say) of a bankrupt's creditors to a bankrupt, is quite different from that of persons who are in a condition of perfect equality, and who are bound by no peculiar engagement to one another. And this must specially be borne in mind, when we read such opinions as those quoted by the *Remembrancer* from St. Alphonsus. St. Alphonsus all along presupposes that the person whom we design to mislead is one who has no kind of right over us, and who therefore *ought* to be prepared for equivocal replies, and to be content to be thrown on his own wits for discovering the precise truth.

Another great safeguard consists in the habitual cultivation of a straightforward, sincere, and open character. An equivocating *disposition* is detestable. Every body dislikes manœuvrers. No reasonable man is angry at being deceived when he has asked an impertinent or *mal-à-propos* question; but we all hate to think that people trick us for the mere sake of tricking. To those who fancy, because Catholic theologians theoretically permit a vast variety of equivocations, that therefore Catholic society is practically more tainted with a deceiving, intriguing spirit than Protestant society, we can only reply that they are egregiously mistaken. We would undertake at any time to get the exact truth on any subject out of a Catholic, whether priest or layman, with half the trouble it would take to "pump" a Protestant of similar character and in similar circumstances. Among ourselves, it is notorious that we are open *to a positive fault*. We cannot keep our secrets as closely as we ought. Every body is inclined to tell every body every thing. Never was there a more laughable misconception, than the notion that Catholics go about among one another with masks on their faces and *double-entendres* on their tongues. We do not pretend to be all truth-tellers, or all faultless in any way. But unquestionably, our faults do not lie on the side of excessive craft and detestable ingenuity.

Again, as we have before remarked, there exist innumerable cases in which an act or phrase of equivocation is perfectly lawful in the abstract, which would be practically unlawful to an individual Christian in almost every possible combination of circumstances. And as it is the province of the scientific casuist to analyse human actions, so as to define what acts come under one law of duty, and what acts come under another, so it is the duty of every Christian pastor to teach the lawfulness or unlawfulness of individual actions, with a special reference to their particular circumstances. Hence, what the casuist may say is not wrong *as a lie*, the pastor will often

forbid as a scandal, a trifling with dangerous weapons, an injury to some friend or neighbour, or a distrust of Divine protection. And so too in every other possible human action. We utterly repudiate, therefore, and protest against the charge, that because our moralists minutely define a multitude of sentences or deeds, as not forbidden by this or that one law in particular, we therefore habitually *act* upon these definitions; or account it lawful to act upon them, simply because we so find it written in books of casuistry. And with equal warmth and distinctness do we deny the notion, or the suspicion, that our clergy are in the habit of inculcating any ideas on truth, equivocation, or any other moral subject, which bear the remotest resemblance to the vulgar charges against them. We make no profession of universal spotlessness or infallibility either for our priests or laymen. Of course, we have our black sheep; but we assert that, especially among the clergy, they are rare to an extraordinary degree. And of those who are not "black sheep," doubtless now and then one may be found who is in error in some point of detail, and whose words and actions are open to fair censure. More than this we do not for a moment admit.

It is undesirable generally to bandy accusations; but, under the present circumstances, it is impossible not to retort upon our assailant in the *Remembrancer* the very charge he has so recklessly brought against us. We do not think it would be possible to point out in the writings of any respectable Catholic controversialist so dishonourable a case of *unjustifiable* equivocation as occurs in the very article we are noticing. How far the Reviewer's representation of Liguori's teaching is to be depended on, may be gathered from the manner in which he quotes St. Alphonsus' argument for equivocation, drawn from two passages in the gospels. The Reviewer (p. 42) quotes the greater part of a long paragraph, where St. Alphonsus argues in favour of equivocation from two incidents in our Blessed Lord's life, in which He used ambiguous expressions to His disciples. The first of the two instances the Reviewer gives, as he conceives himself able to show that it will not bear the interpretation St. Alphonsus puts upon it.\* The second instance he entirely omits; putting in its place three dots, and then proceeding with the remainder of the extracts. Why he

\* The learned reader will not be disposed to put much faith in the Reviewer's knowledge of Greek, when he finds him asserting that the tense of ἀναβαίνω must be changed in order to give it a future signification. Is it possible that the Reviewer has forgotten that the use of the *present* tense with a *future* signification is even more common in Greek than in English? Did he never use such an expression as, "I go to London next week;" meaning, "I shall go?"

did this, is evident. It is impossible to deny, that when our Blessed Lord said, "Of that day or hour no man knoweth, neither the angels in heaven, *nor the Son*, but the Father," He used an equivocation which the disciples were certain not to penetrate. Indeed, the passage is incessantly urged by Socinians as a proof that our Blessed Lord *was not the Eternal Son of God*. Now we ask any candid Protestant whether these *dots* are not an equivocation of the most startling audacity, and totally unjustifiable in a person who voluntarily comes forward to teach others, professing to tell them the exact truth, and with solemn professions of "truthfulness" on his lips, and bringing the heaviest accusations against millions and millions of those whom he calls his fellow-Christians. He was writing to Protestant readers, of whom probably not one would think of turning to the original passage to test the accuracy of the quotations; and he carries on his argument on the assumption that he has stated St. Liguori's whole case in his own words. Is this "truthfulness?" Is it justifiable "equivocation?" Is it not wilful deception? But this is not all. The Reviewer has the hardihood to preface his effort to overthrow Liguori's reasoning with a distinct assertion that he has quoted *the whole* passage. Here are his words: "We cannot pass over the inferences drawn from the quotations made *in the passage which we have extracted* without some criticism. These quotations are made from our Lord's words, as related in the gospels, from St. Augustine, and from Thomas Aquinas" (p. 46). Are we uncharitable if, on receiving such treatment from an adversary, we quote another sentence of our Blessed Lord's: "Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; blind guides, who strain out a gnat, and swallow a camel?"

With a word or two on one more of the Reviewer's misrepresentations we bring our remarks to a close. He quotes a long passage from that wittiest, keenest, and most unscrupulous of controversialists, Pascal, to show the absurd and licentious character of the well-known doctrine of "probable opinions." He would have his readers believe, that this doctrine implies that any man may adopt any course of action *which his inclinations lead him to*, if only he can find a statement of its being abstractedly lawful in the writings of a single grave author. Now what is the fact? The doctrine of probable opinions is nothing more than the scientific enunciation of the practice which common sense dictates to every intelligent person, who desires to go through life at once as a practical and a conscientious man. Briefly stated, and divested of technicalities, it amounts to this:



Occasions for action will frequently occur, in which, after employing our utmost candour and abilities to ascertain what is the precise line of conduct we ought to adopt, so as strictly to conform ourselves to the laws of God, we yet find it impossible to strike a balance between the arguments on the opposite sides of the question. What is a Christian man to do in such a case? Is he to sit dreaming away the time for action? Is he bound to adopt the view which he most dislikes; or may he at once adopt that which his own interest leads him to prefer? Religion and good sense unite in dictating a third course. They say, "Consult a friend or two on your difficulty. Don't go to a simpleton, or a prejudiced man, or a fanatic, or a man of paradoxes; but go to one or two persons of integrity, who have experience and good judgment, who will see the thing in its clear light, unbiassed by any personal preferences; and *act without scruple on their advice*. If you cannot get rid of your scruples, do not act at all; but if you really think the arguments equal *before* you consult your friends, then, *in your case*, whatever may be your friends' judgment, it will be *probably* the true one. At any rate, Almighty God, who sent us into the world, not for listless speculation, but to act up to the light we possess, will be perfectly satisfied with your decision." This is the doctrine of probable opinions. Scientific moralists are the intelligent friends whom a doubting person consults. The assertion that a man is justified in following *what he is inclined to*, though in his conscience he suspects it to be wrong, on the authority of any one or two writers he may lay hold of, is a pure calumny. He consults his friend, or his learned written authority, because his own judgment does *not* incline to either side. The time for acting is come, the arguments on each side appear equal, he asks his friend to settle the matter for him; on receiving his friend's advice he lays aside his previous doubts, and he acts accordingly. Whether his inclinations were on that side or no, the principle is the same, viz. that where the obligation of a supposed law, or its application to a particular case, is doubtful, the judgment of two or three competent advisers forms a sufficient ground for unhesitating action to a reasonable and upright man.

Repeating, then, our sense of the difficulty of presenting such topics as we have handled in the brief space of a few pages, we lay the above remarks before the honest Protestant reader, feeling assured that they will commend themselves to his good sense and candour. And for ourselves, we conclude our rapid sketch with a renewed sense of that perfect applicability of the entire Catholic system of morals, discipline,

and worship, to the necessities of human nature, which is at once a token of its divine origin, and a most interesting subject for philosophical and devout meditation.

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## CATHOLIC HYMNOLOGY:

### LIFE OF BLESSED JACOPONE DI TODI.

A CURIOUS instance of the careless and negligent manner in which antiquarian and archæological inquiries are sometimes conducted, is afforded by the article in the *Ecclesiologist*, from which we copied the sequence *Fregit victor virtualis*, in our December Number.

No one would have supposed it possible that the most ordinary sources of information upon a subject so interesting as lost sequences by the author of the *Dies iræ*, could have been neglected by individuals professing to be able to enlighten the public mind upon points of Catholic antiquity; and we might have expected that the obvious course of consulting early printed Missals would have been resorted to before the libraries of Lisbon were ransacked in search of manuscripts. This, however, has not been the case; at least in the present instance. A correspondent informs us that the *Fregit victor virtualis* is to be found in the first three early printed Paris Missals which he has happened to consult, being those of Thielman Kerner, of 1520; of Desiderius Maheu and John Kerbriant, 1525; and of Yolande Bonhomme, 1555; and he has sent us also the other prose of Thomas de Celano, *Sanctitatis nova signa*, the supposed loss of which is bewailed by the editor of the *Ecclesiologist*, but which is to be found in all three of the Missals we have alluded to. They occur among many others, some of which are extremely beautiful, at the end of the Missal, under the following heading:

“*Sequuntur sequentiæ sive prosæ multum devotæ: et ad devotionem animum excitantes, pro voto celebrantium dicendæ vel obmittendæ, prout etiam laudabilis et antiqua consuetudo multorum tam in ordine Minorum quam alibi habet.*”\* And the particular sequence referred to is as follows:

\* There are a few verbal variations between the Sequence as we published it, and the copy in the possession of our correspondent, which some of our readers may be glad to have signalised.

In the 2d line of the 10th stanza the Missal has *incendens* for *absorbens*. In the 1st line of the 12th, for *fixâ mente tendens*, *fixam mentem tenens*. In the 3d of the same, for *specie seraphicâ*, *ac trahens suspiria*. In the 2d line of the 16th,

*De Stigmatibus sacris et pro aliis Festis ejusdem. Prosa.*

Sanctitatis nova signa  
 Prodierunt valde digna,  
 Mira valde, sed benigna  
     In Francisco credita.  
 Regularis novi regis  
 Vita datur novæ legis;  
 Renovantur jussa regis  
     Per Franciscum.  
 Novus ordo, nova vita  
 Mundo surgit inaudita.  
 Restauravit lex sancita  
     Statum Evangelicum.  
 Legis Christi pariforme  
 Reformatur jus conforme.  
 Tenet ritus, datur norme  
     Culmen Apostolicum.  
 Corda rudis, vestis dura,  
 Cingit, tegit sine curâ,  
 Panis datur in mensurâ,  
     Calceus abjicitur.  
 Paupertatem tantum quærit,  
 De mundanis nihil gerit,  
 Hæc terrena cuncta terit,  
     Loculus despicitur.  
 Quærit locum lacrymarum,  
 Promit voces cor amarum,  
 Gemit mæstus tempus carum  
     Perditum in seculo.  
 Montis antro sequestratus  
 Plorat, orat humo stratus.  
 Tandem mente serenatus  
     Latitat ergastulo.  
 Ibi vacat rupe tectus,  
 Ad divina sursus vectus  
 Spernit ima judex rectus,  
     Eligit celestia.  
 Carnem frenat sub censurâ  
 Transformatam in figurâ;  
 Cibus capit de scripturâ,  
     Abjicit terrestria.  
 Tunc ab alto vir hierarcha

Venit ecce rex monarcha,  
 Pavet iste patriarcha  
     Visione territus.  
 Defert ille signa Christi  
 Cicatricem confert isti,  
 Dum miratur corde tristi  
     Passionem tacitus.  
 Sacrum corpus consignatur,  
 Dextrum latus perforatur,  
 Cor amore inflammatur  
     Cruentatum sanguine.  
 Verba miscent archanorum,  
 Multa clarent futurorum,  
 Videt sanctus vindictorum  
     Mistico spiramine.  
 Patent statim miri clavi  
 Nigri foris, intus flavi.  
 Pungit dolor pœnâ gravi,  
     Cruciant aculei.  
 Cessat artis armatura  
 In membrorum aperturâ,  
 Non impressit hos natura,  
     Non tortura mallei.  
 Signa crucis qui portâsti,  
 Unde mundum triumphâsti,  
 Carnem hostem superâsti  
     Inclitâ victoriâ.  
 Nos, Francisce, tueamur  
 In adversis protegatur  
 Ut mercede perfruamur  
     In celesti gloriâ.  
 Pater pie, pater sancte,  
 Plebs devota te juvante  
 Turbâ fratrum comitante  
     Mereatur præmia.  
 Fac consortes supernorum  
 Quos informas vitâ morum;  
 Consequatur grex Minorum  
     Sempiterna gaudia.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to publish another lost sequence, or at least one which is very little known; and, indeed, was nowhere published, we believe, before the beginning of this century. The Catholic ear and heart are so deeply penetrated by the ineffable beauty and touching pathos of the *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, that at first, perhaps, they may almost

for *effectum excedebam*, *affatu excedebam*; in the 3d, for *mirifico*, *pacifico*. In the 1st of the 18th, for *convellatus*, *convelatus*; the former is an evident error. In the 3d of the 24th, for *imitari*, the Missal has *immutari*; and for *Christum*, *Christi*. In the 1st of the 25th, *O* is read instead of *Dic*, without interrogation. In the 2d of the 26th, for *redimentis*, *resurgentis*. In the 2d of the 30th, *ac caput spinis*. In the 2d of the 31st, *loquaci* for *fallaci*; and in the last stanza, the *vere* is omitted.



turn away with feelings of real repugnance from the following poem, as though it were something artificial, a mere imitation—we had almost said a *parody*—of the divine composition referred to. Yet it is certain that both the one and the other were written by the same hand, and M. Ozanam even raises a doubt as to which of them was written first; though upon this question we confess we should not have thought that there could have been two opinions. The writer we have mentioned discovered the poem in a ms. in the National Library, and believed that it had never been published before: this, however, was a mistake, for it had been printed in Paris by M. Gence in 1809, and again, with some alterations, by M. Louis Verdure in 1810. The following is the version given by M. Ozanam :

Stabat Mater speciosa  
Juxta fœnum gaudiosa  
Dum jacebat parvulus.

Cujus animam gaudentem  
Lætabundam et ferventem  
Pertransivit jubilus.

O quam læta et beata  
Fuit illa immaculata  
Mater Unigeniti !

Quæ gaudebat, et ridebat,  
Exultabat, cum videbat  
Nati partum inclyti.

Quis est qui non gauderet,  
Christi Matrem si videret  
In tanto solatio ?

Quis non posset collætari  
Christi Matrem contemplari  
Ludentem cum filio ?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,  
Christum vidit cum jumentis,  
Et algori subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem natum  
Vagientem, adoratum  
Vili diversorio.

Nato Christo in præsepe,  
Cœli cives canunt læte  
Cum immenso gaudio.

Stabat senex cum puella,  
Non cum verbo nec loquelâ,  
Stupescences cordibus.

Eja Mater, fons amoris ;  
Me sentire vim ardoris  
Fac ut tecum sentiam !

Fac ut ardeat cor meum  
In amando Christum Deum  
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas ;  
Prone introducas plagas  
Cordi fixas valide.

Tui nati cœlo lapsi,  
Jam dignati fœno nasci  
Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me vere congaudere,  
Jesulino cohærere,  
Donec ego vixero.

In me sistat ardor tui,  
Puerino fac me frui,  
Dum sum in exilio.

Hunc ardorem fac communem,  
Ne facias me immunem  
Ab hoc desiderio.

Virgo virginum præclara,  
Mihi jam non sis amara,  
Fac me parvum capere.

Fac ut portem pulchrum fantem,  
Qui nascendo vicit mortem  
Volens vitam tradere.

Fac me tecum satiari  
Nato tuo inebriari,  
Stans inter tripudia.

Inflammatum et accensus,  
Obstupescit omnis sensus  
Tali de commercio.

Fac me nato custodiri,  
Verbo Dei præmuniri,  
Conservari gratiâ.

Quando corpus morietur,  
Fac ut animæ donetur  
Tui nati visio.

The author of this hymn, and its companion the *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, was the Blessed Jacopone di Todi; and we will borrow from M. Ozanam's volume on the Franciscan poets some details of his very interesting life. He was born of the noble family of the Benedetti, in the little town of Todi, in Umbria, a little before the middle of the thirteenth century. He was bred to the study of the law, at that time the most lucrative of all professions, and, it would appear, the most perilous to the condition of the soul. No less than ten thousand students frequented the famous legal schools of Bologna, and many of them led most riotous and disedifying lives. Jacobo de' Benedetti was a youth of very considerable abilities; but in other respects he does not seem to have been any better than his neighbours: he indulged in most expensive habits, which obliged him, as soon as he had taken his doctor's degree, and had been paraded through the city in the usual fashion—clad in scarlet, mounted on horseback, and preceded by the four trumpeters of the university—to return to his native town, and seek to repair his shattered fortunes at the expense of any of his neighbours who happened to be of a litigious turn of mind. Gentlemen of this class were particularly abundant in Italian towns in those days, so that Jacobo found no lack of subjects on which to exercise his legal acumen. He succeeded admirably in his profession; moreover, he made a most happy and advantageous selection of a partner for life; so that the brightest worldly prospects seemed fairly open before him. The merciful providence of God, however, had other designs upon him; and a sudden accident, so to say, changed the whole current of his life. On the occasion of some public festival, in the year 1268, Jacobo's young, rich, and beautiful bride took her place among a number of other ladies of rank on an elevated platform, from whence she might the better enjoy the spectacle. Presently the platform gave way, and Jacobo, rushing to the spot, lifted his dying *sposa* from amid the broken planks. On proceeding to tear open her dress, to ascertain the nature of the injuries she had sustained, he discovered, to his extreme amazement, beneath the silks and fine linen which met the public eye, a coarse covering of sackcloth; and at the same moment the lady expired in his arms. Deeply moved by this incident, he entered into himself, and immediately resolved on an entire change of life. In a few days it was whispered abroad that Jacobo de' Benedetti was gone mad; he had sold all his goods, and distributed them to the poor; he was to be seen frequenting the streets and the churches, clothed in mere rags. The very children followed him as he went along, hooting at him, and crying out,

"There goes mad Jim!" adding to his name the usual Italian termination of contempt or abuse, and calling him Jacopone. Yet those who watched him more closely might perhaps have discovered that there was something like "method in his madness." One day he went to the wedding of his niece, bedizened all over with plumes of feathers, as if in mockery of all the vanities he saw around him. On another occasion, being met in the market-place by some of his relatives, they begged him to carry home a couple of fowls they had just bought, and immediately he carried them off to the family-vault in the church of St. Fortunatus; and when he was scolded for not having executed his commission, and asked what he had done with the fowls, he replied, "You bade me take them home for you; and where is your home but that place where you will abide for ever? *Domus æternitatis vestræ.*" (Psalm xlviii. 12.) At another time he came into the midst of a large party, only half-clothed, crawling on all-fours, and saddled and bridled like a beast of burden; and often, when he had attracted great crowds after him in the streets by some peculiarity of costume or behaviour, he would suddenly turn round and preach a most eloquent sermon, denouncing the sins and scandals of the town, and moving the hearts of many of his hearers to a sincere repentance. It should be mentioned also, that during all this time he was most indefatigable in his study of the holy Scriptures and other good books, and was continually meditating upon the eternal truths, praying, and leading a most mortified life.

He continued in this way for about ten years, when one day he knocked at the door of a Franciscan convent, and desired to be admitted as a postulant. It may easily be imagined that they did not feel much disposed to receive such an applicant; and day after day he was continually put off on some new excuse. At last he brought with him two little hymns or proses, one in Latin, the other in Italian, which he had composed with a view to convincing them that he was in his right mind, and no madman. Indeed, the Italian prose directly explained the secret of his madness, as the opening lines of it will sufficiently show.

"Udite nova pazzia,  
Che mi viene in fantasia.  
Viemmi voglia d'esser morto,  
Perche io sono visso a torto;  
Io lasso il mondan conforto,  
Per pigliar piu dritta via, &c."

Jacopone, therefore—for he begged to be allowed still to retain the name of derision which the world had given him—



now became a Franciscan friar, and, we need scarcely add, of the strictest observance. He fasted on bread and water, mingled bitter herbs with his food, refused to be promoted to holy orders, and chose to be employed in all the most menial offices of the house as a lay brother. It is recorded of him, that one day, being sorely tempted to break his abstinence, he procured a piece of raw meat, and hung it up in his cell until it became putrid, diligently repeating to his appetite every day, "Here is the food you so much coveted; why don't you take and enjoy it?" Of course, a self-imposed penance of this kind was necessarily betrayed in process of time to the other members of the community, in no very agreeable way, through the evidence of their olfactory nerves. All the cells in the house were visited to discover the culprit; and when discovered, he was sharply rebuked and punished. This was no more than he wished; and he immediately composed on this, as well as on all other similar occasions, a most touching *cantique*, in which he pours forth the inmost feelings of his soul, and manifests a degree of fervent charity that could not be exceeded by a St. Teresa or a St. John of the Cross.

It must not, however, be supposed that Jacopone was always indulging in eccentricities, and behaving differently from his brethren in the monastery. On the contrary, he was so conspicuous for his prudence and ability, no less than for his zeal, that he was deputed by the community to negotiate some delicate affair in which they were interested with the Court of Rome; and his companions were astonished as well as edified by the degree of patient forbearance which he exhibited in the management of it.

The severest trials, however, of his life were yet to come. If he had flattered himself that by flying from the world he had bid adieu for ever to all troubles and dissensions, he was now to be undeceived. New trials arose in the bosom of the Church, and even from the midst of that retirement of the cloister which he had so eagerly sought. The Franciscan order, which he had joined, was divided just now into two parties; one, who were seeking from the Pope a relaxation of the original severity of the rule, saying that it was only suited for angels and not for men; the other, who wished to maintain the rule of St. Francis in all its integrity and strictness. Unfortunately, the officers and principal authorities of the order belonged to the former class; Jacopone, as might have been expected, to the latter. When in 1294 the austere and holy pontiff, Celestin V., was called to the chair of St. Peter, he authorised the brothers spiritual (as the stricter portion of the Franciscans were called) to live according to the exact

letter of their rule, in communities separate from the conventuals—for so the anti-reformers were called—and under superiors of their own choosing. This called forth the warmest gratitude of our Franciscan poet. But Celestin's reign did not last long. At the end of five months he resigned, and was succeeded by the celebrated Boniface VIII. Not long after his election, this Pope consulted Fra Jacopone, whose high spiritual attainments were well known even beyond the limits of his convent, as to the meaning of a certain dream which he had had, and which troubled him much. He had dreamt that he had seen a bell, whose circumference embraced the whole earth, but which had no clapper; and Fra Jacopone told him that the bell denoted the pontifical dignity, which embraced the whole world; and bade him beware lest the clapper should denote the fame of a good example, in which he (Pope Boniface VIII.) should be found wanting. One would be almost tempted to suspect from this language that the friar had already seen or imagined some cause for forming no very favourable opinion of the new pontiff; but, be this as it may, he certainly formed such an opinion not long afterwards, when the Pope revoked the privileges which his predecessor had granted to the friars minors, or Franciscans of the strict observance, and placed them again under the jurisdiction of the conventuals. It happened also, that just about this time certain strange reports were put in circulation concerning Boniface VIII. and the manner of his election to the pontifical throne. Fra Jacopone was thoroughly deceived by these reports, and became a partisan of the Pope's enemies. He was one of the witnesses whose names were attached to the formal protest of the Cardinals Colonna, denouncing Boniface as an usurper, and summoning him to be judged by a general council then about to be held. He fell, therefore, under the sentence of excommunication pronounced by the Pope against the Colonnas and their adherents; and when, in September 1298, Palestrina, the stronghold of the Colonnas, was taken by the pontifical troops, he was thrown into prison. It was in vain that he appealed from the solitude of his confinement to the compassion of Boniface, whom he now learnt to recognise as the lawful occupier of the Holy See. The Pope, with that rigour which characterised his whole life, turned a deaf ear to all entreaties. It is even said, that one day, as he was passing his prison, he called to him, and jeeringly asked him when he would come out; to which the religious replied, "Holy father, when you come in;" a reply which his biographers look upon as prophetic, and consider to have been fulfilled by the sacrilegious affair of Anagni in September 1303, followed,

as it was, by the absolution and liberation of Jacopone in the month of December, by order of the successor of Boniface, Pope Benedict XI.

The remainder of the good friar's days was spent in the retirement of the cloister; but they were not many. Towards the end of the year 1306 he was taken ill, and his brethren urged him to receive the last sacraments. He said he would do so as soon as his dear friend John of Alvernia, also a Franciscan, should arrive to administer them. The fathers were greatly distressed at this reply; for they had no reason to expect that John of Alvernia was at all likely to come and visit them; and there was clearly no time to send him the news of his friend's danger, and to summon his assistance. Jacopone, however, took no notice of these lamentations, but immediately intoned a spiritual hymn of his own composing; and scarcely had he ended this hymn, when John of Alvernia and a companion arrived, having been drawn to pay this visit to his friend by an overwhelming presentiment, which he could neither account for nor resist. After receiving all the holy rites of the Church, Jacopone burst forth into a song of triumphant joy, in the midst of which he raised his eyes to heaven, and breathed forth his last sigh, just at the moment when a priest in a neighbouring church was intoning the *Gloria in excelsis* in the midnight Christmas Mass.

Such was the life of the author of that most divine composition, the *Stabat Mater dolorosa*; and besides the other Latin hymns which we have published to-day, he wrote two or three others, also in the same language. The great bulk of his poems, however, were written in the native language of the poorest classes of the Umbrians, a coarse dialect of the Italian; and of these he composed upwards of 200. They cause him to be a great favourite among the people; so that his name became embalmed in their memory, as of the poet of divine love and the model of penitence. And Rome, which had visited with temporal punishment the momentary error of the politician, rewarded with the honours of beatification the virtuous life of the religious.

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**Reviews.****THE RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI.**

*The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P.; a Literary and Political Biography, addressed to the New Generation.*  
London: Bentley.

WHAT will not boundless brass and brilliant ingenuity effect in this world? Surely mankind are made to be gulled. There are quacks in every trade, profession, and rank of life. Who is there that has not been swindled in his day? Who has not taken paste for diamonds, gilded copper for pure gold, and a brazen countenance for the open look of an honest man? Happy they who have only been cheated to a moderate extent, who have not been robbed of their fortune, their affections, or their reputation, by some one of the clever scoundrels who go about to deceive, and regard mankind as one vast assemblage of cheatables.

Were any society impregnable against these snares of quackery, we should have taken the House of Commons to be that happy spot, until Mr. Disraeli became the leader of the Tory opposition. People tell us, on the information supplied by sagacious M.P.s themselves, that in "the House" at least "every man finds his level." That favoured floor, we are told, is the test of every man's pretensions. Folly is laughed at, roguery denounced, and imposture exposed. The humbug which tells upon electors at the hustings falls powerless on the ears of the elected representatives; platform oratory is at a discount when addressed to "Mister Speaker;" and the men who individually and in their private lives are open to the trickery of any plausible and impudent charlatan, when associated in that glory of the universe—the British House of Commons—are transformed into a tribunal before which insolence blushes, hypocrisy is unmasked, and folly learns wisdom.

We will venture, however, to assert, that, whatever be the estimate of House-of-Commons wisdom entertained by honourable members in general, there is at least one of their number who holds their penetration very cheap. The Right. Hon. Benjamin Disraeli is that man. There can be little doubt that *he* values the brains of the right honourable assembly in which he holds a conspicuous position, or at least those of a considerable portion of its members, at a price that is tolerably commensurate to their merits. The mountebank always takes a pretty accurate measure of the capacities of his listeners;

he marks the gaping mouth, the uplifted eye, the feeble tension of the facial muscles, the gently uplifted hands; and while with solemn gravity he expounds the virtues of his nostrums, in his secret soul he laughs at the simplicity which he is turning to so profitable an account. We should like to see Mr. Disraeli's *genuine* opinion of the squirearchy and Tory aristocracy of England. We apprehend a more amusing exposure of human credulity and political degradation could scarcely be produced from the annals of imposture and popular delusions. Nor are we by any means without hope that we shall some day, perhaps soon, be favoured with such a production from the Disraelian pen. There are already certain significant indications that Disraelism is going out of fashion with the country and Tory party, such as it is. And if the very versatile individual whom they have so long applauded, finds that it no longer *pays* to flatter them and blow the trumpet in their honour, we may rest assured that no compunctions of conscience, and no blushing feelings of modesty, will prevent him from turning round once more, and bespattering them with all the acrimonious gall which they have thought so very pretty an instrument of warfare when discharged in the faces of Peel, Peelites, and Whigs. If they could only lay hold of a sharp and clever debater, with a few rags of character to clothe him, so as to enable them to do without the satirical rhetorician, whose charlatanry they have long suspected, a few months or weeks would witness a fresh veering of the weathercock, and the Tory and agricultural mind would be painted as never it was painted before.

Whenever the event takes place, and it is the unfortunate lot of the objects of Mr. Disraeli's present animosity to become the objects of his adulation, we recommend the volume before us as a very serviceable prophylactic against pestilential infection. The political world owes its author a debt for his labours, and for his complete exposure of the chief charlatan of the day. No man who was not an honourable politician could stand such a dissection as that to which Mr. Disraeli is here subjected. Who the author of the book may be, we do not know. From internal marks, we should suspect him to be one of the best of the "gentlemen of the press." His style has all the mechanical fluency of that prolific class; he never knows when he is getting tedious. Often he says a good thing; but for page after page he bores one with profound disquisitions in disproof of the most manifest and uninteresting of platitudes. He expresses, moreover, a sort of unreal sense of the magnitude of his hero—if a personage whom a writer delights to belabour may be called his hero—which

savours strongly of the newspaper school. All the sillinesses and paradoxes which Mr. Disraeli has uttered to the world, in novels, pamphlets, and speeches, but which are not worth a moment's refutation, this writer elaborately picks to pieces, with a solemn gravity which, were it not insufferably tedious, would be quite entertaining. He had a good subject, and he might have produced a lively and effective exposure of Mr. Disraeli's career in a book of about one-half the size of this bulky volume. It was said of Swift, that he could write finely even on so unpromising a subject as a broomstick; what, then, could not be made of one who is not a broomstick, but a barbed arrow or a poisoned tongue! Mr. Disraeli ought to be his own biographer. None but himself could execute justice upon the love of pompous nonsense, the never-failing plausibility, the heartless bitterness, the recklessness of the ties which restrain ordinary men, and the shameless inconsistencies, which have marked his conduct from his first appearance in the world till the last session of Parliament.

The biography, nevertheless, has one great merit in its unquestionable painstaking, and the patient study which it shows of Mr. Disraeli's writings, speeches, and actions. In this respect the result of the author's labours is amply satisfactory. He has even detected the little sneaking phrase which Mr. Disraeli has introduced (*sub silentio*) into the recent edition of his novel *Venetia*, in order to cover the theft which he had committed upon Mr. Macaulay, and which had been detected by critics some time after *Venetia* was published. The work also is thoroughly good-tempered throughout. In fact, it is almost too much like a judge's verdict on a man of some pretence to reputation, and whose detected offences were of no very flagrant enormity. Disraeli is not, and never was, a personage of so much *importance* as his biographer imagines. He was never much above the rank of a tool. At the best, he has held the position of a leader of condottieri, or of outlawed brigands; who is elected to the command, not from any deference to his character or respect for his opinions, but because he is a good shot, has a cruel heart, an unfailing audacity, and a readiness of resource in times of conflict or danger. Thus it was that so little notice was taken of his theft from a French review, in his oration on the Duke of Wellington's death. The writer of this biography considers that it was from the magnanimous spirit of the House of Commons that so little use was made of this piece of effrontery on the part of the opposition. The fact was, that nobody cared a rush for Mr. Disraeli's *character*. He had none to damage. His supporters were not his friends, and they looked



upon his literary larceny as an uninteresting and unimportant trifle; while his opponents did not account him worth the trouble of an exposure. How justly they judged who thus visited his literary offence with the censure of neglect, a few reminiscences of his career will suffice to show.

Mr. Disraeli comes of a Jewish family from Venice. His grandfather came to England to settle in the year 1748. His father was a well-known author, or rather, a gatherer of literary curiosities. He appears to have renounced Judaism and all religion together; for the chief traces of any feelings on the subject which are to be found in his books, are the expressions of hatred to any thing approaching Catholicism and the supernatural. In the year 1826, being then about one-and-twenty years of age, our ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer first claimed the attention of the English public as editor of the *Representative* newspaper. His politics may be gathered from one of his sentences in that short-lived periodical. "England," said Mr. Disraeli, "has been reproached for governing Ireland on too despotic principles; in our humble opinion, she has all along, or at least with few exceptions, erred in precisely the opposite direction." The *Representative* lived six months, and cost its proprietor a sum variously reported at 20,000*l.*, 30,000*l.*, and 40,000*l.*

Free from newspaper writing, Mr. Disraeli wrote his first novel, *Vivian Grey*. It had a success; showy, brilliant, bombastic, unprincipled, it was read by many who condemned the abominable notions which it put forth. It expounded its author's notions of the way to govern mankind, which he epigrammatised in the phrase, "A smile for a friend, and a sneer for the world;" while he sees a profound truth for human guidance embodied in the foul stores of heathen mythology, when "*to govern men, even the god appeared to feel as a man; and sometimes as a beast, was apparently influenced by their vilest passions.*" Two years afterwards, the author of *Vivian Grey* published a dull sequel without any immoralities; at least so says his biographer. This novel was succeeded by another, *Contarini Fleming*, in which it is announced that a cure of human sin and trouble is to be found in the marriage of all youths at eighteen years of age.

In 1832 the novelist made his first appearance as a candidate for Parliament, standing for High Wycombe, under the auspices of the Radical Joseph Hume. He was beaten; and afterwards stood for Marylebone, avowing himself, in his address, in favour of triennial parliaments and the ballot. He was again beaten; but it was when he stood for Taunton, that what he had the effrontery to term his "principles" came out

in their true light. He now called himself a Tory, and attacked O'Connell, whose support he had asked, and who had actually composed a letter for him when he stood at High Wycombe, which letter he had printed and placarded about the streets by his partisans. But at Taunton O'Connell was in bad odour; and therefore, though *in December 1834*, Mr. Disraeli had declared that the very name of tithes must be instantly abolished in Ireland, *in April 1835*, he denounced O'Connell as a "bloody traitor."

"In 1832," writes the author of the biography, "the Irish agitator's conduct was much more unconstitutional than in 1835; yet Mr. Disraeli had at that time even canvassed a constituency with a printed recommendation from O'Connell, and in 1835 upbraided the Whigs for having any thing to do with the Roman Catholic champion. Even Mr. Disraeli's best friends must admit that such conduct was inexcusable, and that the terrible castigation he drew upon himself was not altogether undeserved. It was surely not more blamable in the Whigs to accept the support of O'Connell, than for Mr. Disraeli to ask the votes of the Wycombe electors through O'Connell's recommendation. Yet, on the nomination-day at Taunton, he said, 'I look upon the Whigs as a weak but ambitious party, who can only obtain power by linking themselves to a traitor.' He continued, 'I ought to apologise to the admirers of Mr. O'Connell, perhaps, for this hard language. I am myself his admirer, as far as his talents and abilities are concerned. But I maintain him to be a traitor; and on what authority? On the authority of that very body, a distinguished member of whom is my honourable opponent.'

"Mr. Disraeli then enunciated one of those daring historical paradoxes, which are so singularly characteristic of the man. 'Twenty years ago,' said the Taunton Blue hero, 'tithes were paid in Ireland more regularly than rent is in England now!'

"Even his supporters appeared astounded by this declaration.

"'How do you know?' shouted an elector.

"'I have read it,' replied Mr. Disraeli.

"'Oh, oh!' exclaimed the elector.

"'I know it,' retorted Mr. Disraeli, 'because I have read, and you,' looking daggers at his questioner, 'have not.'

"This was considered a very happy rejoinder by the friends of the candidate, and was loudly cheered by the Blues.

"'Didn't you write a novel?' again asked the importunate elector, not very much frightened even by Mr. Disraeli's oratorical thunder, and the sardonical expression on his face.

"'I have certainly written a novel,' Mr. Disraeli replied; 'but I hope there is no disgrace in being connected with literature.'

"'You are a curiosity of literature, you are,' said the humorous elector.

"'I hope,' said Mr. Disraeli, with great indignation, 'there is no disgrace in having written that which has been read by hundreds

of thousands of my fellow-countrymen, and which has been translated into every European language. I trust that one who is an author by the gift of nature may be as good a man as one who is Master of the Mint by the gift of Lord Melbourne.' Great applause then burst forth from the Blues. Mr. Disraeli continued, 'I am not, however, the puppet of the Duke of Buckingham, as one newspaper has described me; while a fellow-labourer in the same vineyard designated me the next morning, 'the Marylebone Radical.' If there is any thing on which I figure myself, it is my consistency.'

" 'Oh, oh!' exclaimed many hearers.

" 'I am prepared to prove it,' said Mr. Disraeli, with menacing energy. 'I am prepared to prove it, and always shall be, either in the House of Commons or on the hustings, considering the satisfactory manner in which I have been attacked; but I do not think the attack will be repeated.'

" He was mistaken. The attack was repeated, and in a style which at once drew the attention of all the empire on Mr. Disraeli. The newspapers containing the reports of the proceedings at the Taunton election soon conveyed over to Ireland the abuse of O'Connell; and came, of course, to the knowledge of the man whom Mr. Disraeli had stigmatised as a 'bloody traitor.' At a meeting of the Franchise Association in Dublin, O'Connell delivered an invective against his assailant, such as perhaps has never been surpassed for its determined scolding and broad humour. \* \* \*

" 'At Taunton,' said O'Connell, 'this miscreant has styled me an incendiary. Why, I was a greater incendiary then than I am at present, if I ever were one; and if I am so, he is doubly so for having employed me. Then he calls me a traitor. My answer to that is—he is a liar. He is a liar in action and in words. His life is a living lie!' After some more strong observations of the same kind, O'Connell said, 'Mr. Disraeli is just the man who, if Sir Robert Peel had been abroad when he was called upon to take office, would have undertaken to supply his place.' Then, remarking that Mr. Disraeli was descended from the Hebrew race, O'Connell thus concluded his elaborate invective: 'Mr. Disraeli's name shows that he is a Jew. His father became a convert. He is the better for that in this world; and I hope, of course, he will be the better for it in the next. There is a habit of underrating that great and oppressed nation, the Jews. They are cruelly persecuted by persons calling themselves Christians, but no person was ever yet a Christian who persecuted. The cruelest persecution they suffer is upon their character, by the false names their calumniators bestowed upon them before they carried their atrocities into effect. They feel the persecutions of calumny severer upon them than the persecution of actual torture. I have the happiness to be acquainted with some Jewish families in London, and amongst them, more accomplished ladies, or more humane, cordial, high-minded, or better-educated gentlemen, I have never met. It will not be supposed, therefore, that when I speak of Mr. Disraeli as the de-



scendant of a Jew, that I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants amongst them, however, also; and it must certainly have been from one of those that Disraeli is descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief; whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died on the cross.' "

To this assault Mr. Disraeli published a written reply, thus beginning:

" ' MR. O'CONNELL,—Although you have long placed yourself out of the pale of civilisation, still, I am one who will not be insulted, even by a Yahoo, without chastising it. When I read this morning in the same journal your violent attack upon myself, and that your son was at the same moment paying the penalty of similar virulence to another individual on whom you had dropped your filth, I thought that the consciousness that your opponents had at length discovered a source of satisfaction might have animated your insolence to unwonted energy; and I called upon your son to resume his vicarious office of yielding satisfaction for his shrinking sire."

He also declared that he had never "deserted a political friend, or changed a political opinion."

The point, however, to which we particularly call attention *now*, when Mr. Disraeli is likely to be angling for Catholic support, is his subsequent conduct with reference to these proceedings. He was not necessarily a man utterly unworthy of trust, because he *had* changed his opinions; but what is to be said to the facts revealed in the volume before us?

"After having addressed his elaborate epistle to O'Connell, he immediately wrote another letter to his son, expressing a hope that, as he had endeavoured to insult the father to the utmost, the insult would be resented. 'I wished to express,' said Mr. Disraeli, 'the utter scorn in which I hold your father's character, and the disgust with which his conduct inspires me. If I failed in conveying this expression of my feelings to him, let me now more successfully express them to you. I shall take every opportunity of holding your father's name up to public contempt; and I fervently pray that you or some of his blood may attempt to avenge the unextinguishable hatred with which I shall pursue his existence.'

"This letter was immediately published by the gentleman to whom it was addressed. Mr. Disraeli denied that he ever was a member of the Westminster Reform Club. The secretary soon after sent two of Mr. Disraeli's letters to the *Morning Chronicle*; and it plainly appeared that he had been chosen a member, and had been

at the club. Another letter, the authenticity of which was never disputed—nor were the facts it asserted ever contradicted—was the following :

*“ To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.*

“ SIR,—Having just read a paragraph in your paper, in which it is stated that Mr. Disraeli had in his speech to the electors at Taunton denounced Mr. O’Connell as an incendiary and traitor, and so forth, I beg leave to say that I think the learned author of *Vivian Grey* must have been misrepresented ; because I can scarcely believe it possible that he could have applied such epithets to Mr. O’Connell, of whom he has, within *the last month*, spoken to me in terms of the most extravagant admiration ; and at the same time requested me to communicate to Mr. O’Connell, at the first opportunity, his kind remembrance of him, which I accordingly did. I have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient servant,

*“ Ardsallagh, May 3d, 1833.*

D. RONAYNE.”

The audacity with which Mr. Disraeli had offered himself at Taunton as a Tory, his declaration that he had not stood at High Wycombe as a Radical, and that he had never changed his opinions, led to some fierce attacks in the papers of the day, in the course of which the following letters were made public. The first was written to a solicitor at Taunton, who had applied to Mr. Bulwer for information on the subject :

*“ London, July 24, 1835.*

“ SIR,—In answer to your letter, I beg to say that Mr. Disraeli first referred me to a printed handbill of his own, espousing short parliaments, vote by ballot, and untaxed knowledge. I conceived these principles to be the pole-star of the sincere reformers, and to be the reverse of Tory ones. I showed that handbill to Mr. Hume ; hence the letters of that gentleman and of others.

“ Mr. Disraeli does not deny that he professed those opinions at that time ; but he has explained since that he intended them for adoption, not against the Tories, but Whigs. With this explanation I have nothing to do. I question his philosophy, but I do not doubt his honour.

“ When any man tells me that he votes for ballot, short parliaments, and the abolition of taxes on knowledge, I can only suppose him to be a reformer ; and such being my principles, I would always give him my support ; and I should never dream of asking whether he called himself a Radical or a Tory.—I am, &c.

*“ To Edward Cox, Esq.*

E. L. BULWER.”

The next was written to Mr. Disraeli by Mr. Hume :

*“ Bryanstone Square, June 2, 1832.*

“ SIR,—As England can only reap the benefit of reform by the electors doing their duty in selecting honest, independent, and ta-

lented men, I am much pleased to learn from our mutual friend, Mr. E. L. Bulwer, that you are about to offer yourself as a candidate to represent Wycombe in the new parliament.

"I have no personal influence at that place, or I would use it immediately in your favour; but I should hope the day has arrived when the electors will consider the qualifications of the candidates, and in the exercise of their franchise prove themselves worthy of the new rights they will obtain by the reform.

"I hope the reformers will rally round you, who entertain liberal opinions in every branch of government, and are prepared to pledge yourself to support reform and economy in every department, as far as the same can be effected consistent with the best interests of the country.

"I shall only add, that I shall be rejoiced to see you in the new parliament, in the confidence that you will redeem your pledges, and give satisfaction to your constituents if they will place you there.—Wishing you success in your canvass, I remain your obedient servant,

*"To B. Disraeli, Esq.*

JOSEPH HUME."

Now follows Mr. Disraeli's reply to the above:

*"Bradenham House, Wycombe, June 5, 1832.*

"SIR,—I have had the honour and the gratification of receiving your letter this morning. Accept my sincere, my most cordial thanks.

"It will be my endeavour that you shall not repent the confidence you have reposed in me.

"Believe me, sir, that if it be my fortune to be returned in the present instance to a reformed parliament, I shall remember with satisfaction that that return is mainly attributable to the interest expressed in my success by one of the most distinguished and able of our citizens.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

*"Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P.*

B. DISRAELI."

After this, will any one trust a man who could thus act, unless his subsequent conduct had shown a consciousness of his past misdeeds, and a reformation of character? Whether Mr. Disraeli is reformed, let the last two years declare.

The political proceedings we have referred to were diversified with the publication of more novels; an attempt at poetry, called a *Revolutionary Epic*, and a *Vindication of the English Constitution*, the statesmanlike character of which may be estimated from the phrase applied to O'Connell, whom Mr. Disraeli termed "the very absurd and overrated rebel, vomiting insolence in language as mean as his own soul."



This delightful sentence reminds us of some others of Mr. Disraeli's "flowers of rhetoric," which his biographer has culled from the letters of "Runnymede," in which he assailed Lord Melbourne's ministry. In these epistles, Mr. Disraeli tells Lord John Russell that he was "born with a strong ambition, but a feeble intellect;" that he is a "miniature Mokanna, exhaling on the constitution of his country all the long-hoarded venom, and those distempers, that have for years accumulated in his petty heart, and tainted the current of his mortified existence."

The letter to Lord Palmerston is still more dignified and refined. The Foreign Secretary

"Is informed that [he is 'a minister maintaining himself in power in spite of the contempt of the whole nation,'—'the great Apollo of aspiring understrappers,'—blessed with a 'dexterity which seems a happy compound of the smartness of an attorney's clerk and the intrigues of a Greek of the Lower Empire,'—shows 'a want of breeding,'—'reminds one of a favourite footman on easy terms with his mistress,'—a 'Tory underling, whose audacity in accepting the seals of the Foreign Office is only equalled by the imbecility of the Whigs in offering them to such a man,'—'your lordship's career is as insignificant as your intellect,'—'your crimping lordship,'—hopes that 'one silly head will be added to the heap of destruction it has caused.' The epistle to Lord Palmerston ends with an apostrophe to England: 'O my country! fortunate, thrice-fortunate England! with your destinies at such a moment intrusted to the Lord Fanny of diplomacy! Methinks I can see your lordship, the Sporus of politics, cajoling France with an airy compliment, and menacing Russia with a perfumed cane!'"

At last Mr. Disraeli succeeded in the immediate object of his desires. When Parliament met in the first year of Queen Victoria, he sat for Maidstone. We give the account of his first speech, together with his biographer's judicious remarks:—

"On the 7th of December, the adjourned debate on the Irish Election Petitions was resumed. O'Connell had just delivered one of his most thrilling speeches, and laid Sir Francis Burdett prostrate in the dust; the House of Commons was in a state of the greatest excitement,—when a singular figure, looking as pale as death, with eyes fixed upon the ground, and ringlets clustering round his brow, asked the indulgence which was usually granted to those who spoke for the first time, and of which he would show himself worthy by promising not to abuse it. He then singled out O'Connell, who, he said, while taunting an honourable baronet with making a long, rambling, and jumbling speech, had evidently taken a hint from his opponent, and introduced every Irish question into his rhetorical

medley. Two or three taunts were also directed at the Whigs; who had made certain intimations at clubs and elsewhere about the time 'when the bell of our cathedral announced the death of our monarch.' Then followed some of Mr. Disraeli's daring assertions, which were received with shouts of laughter, and loud cries of 'Oh! oh!' from the ministerial benches. An allusion to 'men of moderate opinions and of a temperate tone of mind,' produced still more laughter; for it was considered that such a character was the very opposite of the individual who was addressing them. He entreated them to give him five minutes' hearing; only five minutes. It was not much. The House then became indulgent; but soon the shouts of laughter again burst forth, as Mr. Disraeli went on to say that he stood there not formally, but virtually, as the representative of a considerable number of members of parliament. 'Then why laugh?' he asked; 'why not let me enjoy this distinction, at least for one night?' It appeared that he considered himself the representative of the new members. When, however, he spoke of the disagreement between 'the noble Tityrus of the treasury bench and the Daphne of Liskeard;' declared that it was evident that this quarrel between the lovers would only be the renewal of love, and alluded to Lord John Russell as waving the keys of St. Peter in his hand, the voice of the ambitious orator was drowned in convulsions of merriment. 'Now, Mr. Speaker, see the philosophical prejudice of man!' he ejaculated with despair; and again the laughter was renewed. 'I would certainly gladly,' said Mr. Disraeli, most pathetically, 'hear a cheer, even though it came from the lips of a political opponent.' No cheer, however, followed; and he then added, 'I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now; but the time will come when you will listen to me!' He sat down: Lord Stanley, on the part of the Opposition, resumed the debate, and replied to O'Connell; for it was thought that Mr. Disraeli's speech had been a complete failure, and that O'Connell's address had not been answered. The ghost of the Caucasian Cæsar had really appeared at Philippi, and been scared away by the jeers of the boisterous adherents of the Milesian Brutus.

"More than one explanation of the failure of this maiden speech has been given. The critic who in general has been most favourable to the accomplished master of sarcasm, believes that this first speech was delivered in the bombastic style of 'Alroy,' and that the orator's failure was inevitable. This attempt to account for his temporary defeat, will only be satisfactory to those who believe that there was a wonderful change in Mr. Disraeli's mental habits and style in future years. Now there was nothing so remarkably bombastic in this first address; and it can be easily shown that, even in Mr. Disraeli's most successful efforts, there is overstrained language which, even when the orator's abilities were fully admitted, provoked the laughter of the House of Commons. Some other explanation is necessary, and it lies on the surface.

“ Mr. Disraeli's individual appearance and style of speaking are peculiar. His art lies in taking his audience by surprise, and in delivering his most successful points as *impromptus*. This, of course, may be done effectually when the speaker has a command over his hearers, and his intellectual ascendancy is allowed; but every orator has, more or less, to prepare his audience for the reception of his speeches; and until this can be done, it is not easy to make a very successful oratorical effort. Mr. Disraeli has so much of mannerism, that it was not to be expected he could please at his first appearance. Besides, it was in the memory of every body that he had made a proud boast of seizing the first opportunity of crushing one of the most formidable public men of the time; and with all his early follies thus prominently before the world, and in presence of many of his great antagonist's friends; alone, and unsupported even by those who agreed with him in opinion, the powers of Demosthenes would have been unequal to such an occasion.”

The latter portions of Mr. Disraeli's political career are too well known to need recalling. For some time he was the most fulsome adherent of Sir Robert Peel; and would have taken office under him, as he admitted, if Sir Robert had offered it. But Sir Robert knew his man from the first, and would not trust him. After two years worship of the minister, Mr. Disraeli accordingly turned round upon him, and commenced a series of personal assaults upon the most self-sacrificing premier that England has ever possessed, unsurpassed in the annals of Parliamentary scandal. Some people suppose that Peel felt these viper-bites severely; we much doubt whether he *felt* them at all. For a time he occasionally answered them, because their cunning imposed upon better men; but we question whether he ever regarded them with more anxiety than a noble horse feels for the yelping of a savage dog, whom one hearty kick will send howling into the wayside ditch. The moment Mr. Disraeli got into office, he upheld the very policy for which he had thus incessantly attacked Sir Robert Peel.

Like every bully, Mr. Disraeli is a coward. He dares not attack a man unless he is cheered on by a crowd of reckless supporters, or unless he knows that the assaulted person is unequal to himself in debating power and readiness of rebuke. It is many years since he has ventured a word of insinuation against Lord Palmerston. *He dares not attack him.* He did so once, in order to curry favour with Sir Robert Peel; and the castigation he received has proved so wholesome a warning, that since then, Lord Palmerston is the only man opposed to him who has not been, at one time or other, the object of his insolent personalities. We question whether he would venture to offend the versatile secretary even with his flatteries.

The character of Mr. Disraeli's rhetoric is easily described.



His favourite trick, by which he passes himself off for a philosopher and a statesman, is to take some universally known word, phrase, or historical event, and fasten upon it an interpretation never dreamt of before. On this impudent assumption he builds some vast fabric, while his dupes are amazed that such wonderful truths have never before been discovered; and clever men, *whose dupe he is*, are amused with the ingenuity, which serves their purposes quite as well as Mr. Disraeli's. We are persuaded that, if Mr. Disraeli were to take it into his head to re-edit Euclid's Elements, on the first page we should learn that it is quite a mistake to suppose that a straight line is the shortest distance from one point to another. This trick he repeats over and over again, with innumerable variations. In fact, if his speeches are carefully analysed, it will be found that they consist almost entirely of two elements, viz. new interpretations, often very ingenious, on every thing that can bear on the subject of which he is treating; and fierce, sarcastic personalities. He fights with the assassin's weapons, disguises and daggers.

Of his later novels, which are by far his best, we cannot now say any thing; but shall probably call attention to a few of their curiosities in our next. In the meantime, we suggest to the author of the valuable biography of this brilliant adventurer, that if his book reaches the second edition which it really deserves, he should use the pruning-knife with considerable freedom.

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#### OUR PICTURE IN THE CENSUS.

*Census of Great Britain, 1851. Religious Worship in England and Wales. Report and Tables presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of her Majesty. 1853.*

(Second Notice.)

EVERY body is fond of pictures. If you go to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square any day when it is open to the public, you will see all kinds of people there: some looking at the religious pictures, some looking at the irreligious pictures; some with one degree of admiration, some with other degrees of admiration; many with, many more without, the artistic eye and taste; but all more or less amused and instructed, benefited or injured. In our own time, pictorial teaching bids fair to keep pace with every other. Even children are seduced into the alphabet by embellishments of letters unknown to an earlier and less reading age. Not to be

out of the fashion, therefore, we propose to open a picture-gallery ourselves, in opposition, not to Trafalgar Square, but to the registrar-general's office. We do not wish to take an unfair advantage, and therefore our pictures will all be by native artists,—artists not unknown to fame. We open our gallery with the fullest confidence of eclipsing our rival establishment; and we respectfully solicit the attendance of all “the Christian churches,” of Mr. Horace Mann, and of Dr. Maltby. Let us, by all means, have the countenance of faiths, figures, and finance.

No. 1. By the Hon. and Rev. Sydney Godolphin Osborne.  
*Subject:* The visitation of an Anglican Protestant bishop. It first appeared in the *Times* of November 3, 1852:

“Once in three years we have a visitation; we are summoned to a neighbouring town to meet the bishop; we follow him to a morning service in the church, and hear one of our brethren preach a controversial sermon. Our names are then called over; we stand before the communion-rails, within which the bishop sits; he, from his chair, proceeds to read a long essay on church matters in general, his own views regarding them, and the particular legal measures on church matters which have been passed since the last visitation, or which may be expected before the next. We receive his blessing, and disperse—until the hour of dinner. This space of time is spent by the clergy in general either at the bookseller's shop-door, discussing the charge and the sermon, or in taking a walk into the country. A small knot, however, generally contrive to get quietly together, and with the bishop's chaplain, determine as to the policy of certain contemplated measures of clerical agitation, to either commence or be furthered a stage by the getting petitions signed at the dinner.

“The bishop in the meantime sees some half-dozen curates or new rectors, to whom he wishes to put some commonplace inquiries, or, perhaps, to administer some gentle rebuke; he then takes up the inn *Times*, and waits with patience the hour of the next stage of the visitation—the dinner. At last all are seated who intend to dine with the bishop; poor curates and indifferent rectors are gone home,—the former cannot afford to dine, the latter it would bore; they know the routine by heart, and gladly avoid its repetition in their own presence. The chaplain and the preacher, and some of the rural deans, are the bishop's neighbours; the dinner is an inn dinner, and in general a very good one; at its conclusion the waiter comes round for its cost—8s.; the rural deans come for the contribution to the Clergy Widow Fund—10s. The bishop's health is drunk, and he is thanked for his admirable charge, and requested to print it; he is modest in his reply, and acquiesces. If the chaplain's sermon has been very strong either way, *his friends* stay to dinner; when his health is drunk, they request him also to print; he blushes, thinks how it will please his wife, and consents. After some small ecclesiastical talk at the episcopal end of the table, and

some good stories from the secretary at his end, relished by his less awed neighbours, a petition or two for or against something is handed round, and gets a few signatures; the bishop rises, bows to all, and goes away for another three years. A neat London-built brougham, with his lordship and the chaplain inside, the episcopal mace in the sword-case, and his butler, who has acted as mace-bearer, on the box, soon takes out of the sight of the assembled clergy and the boys in the street their right rev. chief and counsellor.

"The clergy get into their 'four-wheels' and go home. Rural dean Rubricus tells Mrs. R. 'The charge was able, but evasive. He wants courage, my dear, to speak all he feels about our need of Convocation. The sermon was a sad exposure; a Dissenter might have preached it.' The Rev. C. Lowvein, rector of Gorhamville, tells Mrs. L., with a sigh, 'The charge was able; his lordship is very clever, but it was *very unsound*. It is evident he leans towards Exeter. But, my dear, we cannot be too thankful; Octavius Free-son preached the truth as boldly as if he was on the platform of a C. M. meeting: we have asked him to print it.' Dr. Oldtime, the aged rector of Slowstir, tells his curate the next day, 'It was a slow, dull business; the bishop prosed, the preacher ranted, the Red Lion sherry has given me a headache.'

"My sketch is that of an ordinary diocese, with an ordinary bishop. In an extraordinary diocese, with an ultra Anglo-Catholic ritualistic bishop, there would be some alteration in the details. A communion at the church; a sermon on symbolical architecture or consubstantiation; a charge full of invective against latitudinarianism, *i. e.* every thing which is not *church first*; a deploring of the degeneracy of the day, and imploring the accession of a time when the Church should be purged of untrusting children, have her own Convocation, and by her synodical action repress schism and advance her pure apostolical system, &c. At the dinner the clergy would be dressed like Roman Catholic priests; the waiters like orthodox Protestant parsons. So far as any real *useful end* being answered by the occasion, there would be little difference between the two visitations."

Our sight-seers will have been struck, of course, with the admirable handling of this picture. The broad, genial character of English life, brought out with touches which could only be made by one who had lived in its centre. We propose to describe it in our catalogue as *Reformed Protestant Episcopacy*; and it should be immediately followed by a small, but very striking cabinet group, into which the same characters are introduced, but in different costume. The artist is our incomparable friend in Printing-house Square, who published it to the world on September 10, 1853, on occasion of a circumstance which we need not stop to mention, but which was then exciting a good deal of remark.

"We conceive that it is not our place to suggest how the thing



should be done; for it must be the interest of the bishops themselves either to divest themselves of a seeming responsibility, or to obtain that the fact shall correspond to the appearance. Surely, they ought to feel something—we will not call it shame—but whatever is the corresponding emotion in episcopal bosoms, and colour in episcopal cheeks, at being perched up, session after session, in the House of Lords, all the time going through solemn farces, and making no attempt whatever to be real personages. Many people wonder and wonder why on earth the Bishops sit in the House of Lords, evening after evening, as mute as the rows of well be-wigged faces in our hairdressers' windows."

No. 3, which makes the pair, was published by the same artist on the 28th January in the present year, and represents a lower grade of the same ecclesiastical hierarchy.

"What in the world are our clergy made for, if they cannot undertake the religious education of their young parishioners? Heaven knows, their work is light enough in these days! They have no five o'clock masses—no morning and evening prayers—no two hours of breviary—no tedious routine of ceremonies all the day, and any hour of the day, or night too, wherever they may be called. If they can do any thing with ease, pleasure, and a perfectly safe conscience, it is the religious instruction of their young parishioners—a duty which, with much zeal, unction, and regard to their personal comfort, they are now for throwing on the public money, and upon what many of them describe as a profane and anti-Christian legislature."

Our friends will not be surprised, after having mastered the details of these interesting pieces, when we conduct them to another, not a composition, but an actual passage of real life. Probably some of the party may consider it a consequence of the state of things which is the subject of Mr. Osborne's brilliant composition. The Protestant oracle of the Established Church, in speaking of the Sacrament of Penance (with a "commonly called" before it), describes it as being one of those which "have grown partly of the corrupt following of the apostles, partly are states of life allowed in the Scriptures." We hang up our No. 4, which we borrow from the *West of England Conservative*, and *Plymouth and Devonport Advertiser*, of May 17, 1849, in illustration at once of Protestant doctrine, use, and application.

"DISGRACEFUL SCENE IN A CHURCH.—A gardener, named Smith, having uttered, at a village public-house, certain expressions defamatory of the character of Mrs. James, the wife of the Rector of Fen-Ditton, was condemned by the Court of Arches to 'do penance' in the church of that parish, and to pay the costs of the proceedings. The 'penance' was decreed by the court to be performed on Saturday week, and an eye-witness thus describes the scene:

“ Long before the commencement of service, the churchyard was crowded; and on the doors being opened, a rush took place into the edifice, every available spot of which was occupied in less than five minutes. The screen was covered by men (bargees) sitting astride; even the capitals of the pillars were occupied; and the majority of the audience were standing upon the seats, and fighting for places. The Rev. A. H. Small, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, who had undertaken to do duty for the rector on the occasion, entered the church at eleven o'clock, followed by Mr. and Mrs. James, who took their seats in the rector's pew. No sooner had Mr. Small commenced, than he was saluted with a shout of ‘Speak up, old boy,’ and a chorus of laughter; and similar interruptions were continued throughout. The hymns were omitted, by the rector's especial request to Mr. Small, during the service; and after the conclusion of the prayers, Mr. Small ascended the pulpit, and, taking his text from Matthew vii. 1, ‘Judge not, lest ye be judged,’ delivered an impressive discourse, interrupted by the breaking of windows by the mob outside, cat-calls, whistles, laughter, and other unseemly noises, which increased as he proceeded; until his voice was finally drowned, partly by the noise inside and partly by that outside, consequent upon a dog-fight which had been got up in the churchyard. Several parties were also smoking in the church during this time. At last, the appearance of Smith was announced by a shout from the parties outside, which put a complete stop to the sermon. Smith was received on entering the church with three hearty cheers, clapping of hands, whoops, and other discordant sounds. So great was the press, that he had to be lifted into the churchwarden's pew, where he was mounted on a hassock, on a seat immediately facing the pew of the Rev. Mr. James. Quiet was now in some degree restored by Smith waving over his head the paper from which he was to read his recantation, and Mr. Small made several attempts to continue his discourse; but was as often met by cries of ‘Smith, Smith, one cheer more for Smith,’ the said cheer being most heartily given, and Smith as often calling ‘silence for the minister.’ The uproar continuing, Smith asked Mr. Kent, one of the churchwardens, what was to be done, saying, ‘You see what a state the church is in; you know what is best; I am your prisoner, and will do as you think proper.’ At this moment a broom was hurled across the church, and fell within a yard of the pulpit; then came a hassock, then another; the pews were broken, and the pieces, as well as hassocks, flung in all directions. Mr. Small had by this time descended from the pulpit, and placed himself close to Smith, for the purpose of listening to his recantation; but from the noise, it was impossible to hear a word Smith said. The pulpit had meanwhile been occupied by spectators, who remained there to the end of the proceedings. At last a hassock struck Mr. Small, while Smith, who had just concluded reading his recantation, moved out of the pew to leave the church. He was at once taken up by the mob, amidst shouts of ‘Bravo, Smith; well

done, Smith,' and the most hearty cheers; and carried on men's shoulders to the Plough, where he was called upon for a speech; when he stated that he had formerly been under-gardener at the rectory; and that while he was there, the body of a child was found buried in the garden, and the head, which had been severed therefrom, in another part. Mrs. James had, he said, accused him of bringing this body from the churchyard for scandalous purposes, and the consequence was that he had been out of work ever since. The observation made by him with regard to Mrs. James was, he said, made in a tap-room, when he was half-drunk and half-foolish; and was conveyed by a meddling constable to Mr. James. On his way through the village, the inhabitants rushed out to shake hands with him; and the Plough was filled with his admirers, who consumed the remainder of the afternoon in smoking and drinking. Throughout the day a collection was going on through the village by men with boxes, in May-day fashion, calling out, 'Please to remember Smith;' the object being to assist him in the payment of his costs. Mr. and Mrs. James, on the other hand, were hooted on their exit from the church, and followed by a mob to the rectory-house, some of the windows of which were broken with stones. The following is a copy of Smith's recantation:—'Whereas I, Edward Smith, having uttered and spoken certain scandalous and opprobrious words against Martha James, wife of the Rev. William Brown James, clerk, Rector of Fen-Ditton, in the county of Cambridge, to the great offence of Almighty God and the scandal of the Christian religion, and to the injury and reproach of my neighbour's credit and reputation, by calling her a —, and using other defamatory words of and against her,—I therefore, before God and you, humbly confess and acknowledge such my offence, and that I am heartily sorry for the same, and do ask forgiveness; and do promise hereafter never to offend in like manner, God assisting me.'"

We pass on to a set of pictures of Protestant life, as it is exhibited in its more ordinary phases in Protestant Islington. The original appeared as an advertisement in the *Times* of December 17, 1852; and the numbers attached are not those of our catalogue, but those which appeared in the *Times*. Moreover, we have to inform our sight-seeing party, that No. 3, in this catalogue, is not the same as that which appeared in the catalogue furnished by the same paper in the previous month of May. That of May was so unusually dreadful, that by December even the Islington people thought fit to put another in its place. We shall not reproduce it.

"READ AND REFLECT.—The district of All Saints, Islington, with a population of nearly 20,000, had until lately but one Church (containing 1,116 sittings), a Sunday School, and one Infant School, built for the accommodation of 150 children. As might be expected,



therefore, socialism, infidelity, rationalism, and indifference, prevail in every quarter to a fearful extent.

"This dense darkness is further stimulated by the ceaseless efforts of evil men. Pamphlets and tracts are freely distributed in the district, in which the inspired Books of Moses are called contemptuously 'the foolish and obscure records of a small, remote, and barbarous Eastern tribe,' and religion is proscribed as a fruitful source of 'insanity and suicide.' God, immortality, and hell, are ridiculed as mere creations of the fancy, and 'every man's life' is claimed as 'his own property.'

"The following extracts from the memoranda of the clergy and Scripture readers, show the harvest which such seed has already produced:

"1. — has been to church twice in eighteen years; spends Sunday in a beershop. Occasionally a Bible is produced, that passages which are apparently opposed to each other may be compared. An appeal is then made to the party whether such a book can be from God, and it is condemned as 'a pack of lies.'

"2. None of our family attend church. We are such a blaspheming set that it would be of no use.

"3. — There's no converting going on here; we're too hard a stuff to be worked on.

"4. You are too idle to work for an honest livelihood, and so go about preaching a parcel of infernal lies about Jesus Christ.

"5. — considers religion beneath his notice, a 'bug-a-boo' to frighten weak-minded people with.

"6. God couldn't have loved his Son much, to have given Him up to such sufferings. He can't take my heart out of my body, and give me a new one. When I die I shall be put in a box, and there'll be an end of me.

"7. — had no time for gossip. Be off to all those old fools who have nothing else to amuse themselves with than talking about religion. She then slammed the door in my face.

"8. — had been to church twice in his life—once to be baptised, and once to be married; and he should come but once more—to be buried.

"9. We poor creatures have too much misery to endure here, for God to think of punishing us hereafter. Let's hope that there's no such dismal work as weeping and gnashing of teeth in the next world.

"10. 'You're so tough, you'll never die,' were the words in which — addressed his suffering wife."

The "Clerkenwell Church-extension and Spiritual-relief Committee" oblige us with our next picture of domestic history, in an advertisement in the *Times*, December 10, 1853, with some of the usual names at the top. It stands No. 6 in the catalogue of our gallery.

"Although the physical and moral wretchedness of this parish

is vouched and deplored by authors of the most opposite sentiments, and by impartial witnesses, as may be seen in the columns of the *Times* for November, the *Illustrated News*, and in the pages of the work of Mr. Vanderkiste, who for six years traversed its dens, its garrets, and cellars, by day and by night, and although it is testified by the most experienced of the London population, that parts of Clerkenwell exceed in ignorance and depravity any other place known to them,—yet to this hour no adequate remedy has been applied for this appalling state of things.

“One of the above authors has thus described it: ‘In Clerkenwell there is grovelling, starving poverty; in Clerkenwell broods the darkness of utter ignorance; the burglar has his ‘crib’ in Clerkenwell; the pick-pocket has his mart; and the ragged Irish hodman vegetates in the filth of his three-pair back.’

“The Committee, after this recital of facts—and very many more of deeper degradation could readily be adduced—while they gratefully acknowledge the valuable but partial labours of others, venture to invite the Christian public, in all its grades, to aid them in applying the true and only remedy, viz. the Gospel of the blessed God (Tit. ii. 11, 12), through the medium of their own scriptural Church; cheered and encouraged as they have been by the prompt contribution and counsel of their Diocesan, who, being fully alive to this sore spot in his vast charge, will assist the Committee by all means in his lordship’s power, as will also the other authorities.”

Poets and painters have, from immemorial prescription, a certain license of lying. Horace jauntily says:

“Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas;”

but he qualifies his dispensation with:

“dabiturque licentia sumpta pulenter.”

Now, agreeing, as we do entirely, in the truth, strength, and rendering of nature in its most unhappy and pitiable shape, here put before us, we take exception to two features in the picture. First, the Irish hodman whom poverty, from ancient confiscation and modern eviction, has driven to work in London and to live as London poor do, although a hodman, is not a burglar, nor even a Protestant. If he is driven into those unfortunate haunts which London Protestantism and London luxury have made for the bodies of those souls which Vanderkiste makes the late Mr. Bickersteth describe as “butchered,” he, at all events, does not share interiorly their pollution. It was not from Catholic lips that the Islington vagrants heard those unspeakably detestable answers to which they invite us for reading and reflection. Nor, in Clerkenwell, can these people who appeal for public support dare to say that the criminals are Catholics. In their eyes the religion of Jesus Christ is itself a crime. But, dearly

as they would love to connect it with the crimes which the perishing multitudes, whom their sham pastors have so long neglected, daily commit, they cannot do it. For the true picture of the religious habits of the Irish in London, forming so bright a contrast to the irreligion, brutality, and immorality confessed and depicted by the patrons of Islington and Clerkenwell Protestantism, we refer the reader to Mr. Mayhew's *London Labour and London Poor*, and to the article upon it which appeared in our own pages in April 1851; as also to the very interesting and important letters which have been recently published by the Rev. J. Kyne. Our second exception to the picture, No. 6, is to the manner of applying what these gentlemen describe as the only true remedy, "the Gospel of the blessed God, through the medium of their own scriptural Church." This remedy, such as it is, has been in their hands for the last three hundred years. What have they been doing all this time? Clerkenwell and Islington have been parishes, according to law, ever since they ceased to be Catholic. How came all these abominations to exist unchecked and undiscovered, except by the police, until now? The language, for example, with regard to holy Scripture in Islington, is quite as bad as was ever heard or written; but how did the Scriptures come to be so viewed, after so many evangelical generations in Islington? How is it that "Our scriptural Church" didn't stop this enormous vilification of God, at least before it came to its present height? We don't the least mean to say that we approve, or indeed understand, the stupid absurdity of the expression, "a scriptural Church;" but if it means any thing, it means something about the letter and purpose of holy Scripture; and here are its fruits. But, further, in this matter are these heathen at Islington a bit more radically wrong in their estimate of holy Scripture than Conyers Middleton, whom we quoted in our last number? If they describe the inspired books of Moses as "the foolish and obscure records of a small, remote, and barbarous Eastern tribe," and the whole Bible generally as a "pack of lies," how can they be blamed, when "the Rev. and learned Conyers Middleton," an unrebuked minister of their own Establishment, has, with all the authority of his position and learning, denounced the inspired history of the Fall of Man as fabulous. It is true that Conyers Middleton wrote with the elegance of a scholar, and that he gives the lie to God in a manner not shocking from its impoliteness. But want, dirt, and the stinks of courts, the air of Saffron Hill and the experience of the contents of the Fleet-ditch, are not favourable to politeness and a refinement of manner. Under



similar circumstances, that is to say, in a back court in Islington or Clerkenwell, Conyers Middleton would possibly not have favoured the world with so urbane an account of his anti-Mosaic views. The actual occupants of those places have only translated into their full, true, and unvarnished sense, the pestilent scepticisms of Conyers Middleton, and a thousand others of his contemporaries.

We except, therefore, with all our hearts, not only as Catholics, but as mere men of the world, as men of common sense, to the contemptible remedy which they propose, that travestie of the Gospel which their so-called "scriptural Church" has been presenting for three hundred years, with results sufficiently expressive of the anger of Almighty God. And we assure them, without the slightest hesitation or doubt, that, in spite of tracts, open Bibles interpreted by all the "Churches" of the census, and any amount of Scripture-readers besides, they will never succeed in converting the inhabitants of these "dens, garrets, and cellars," to their views, if, that is to say, they can ever decide what their views are.

It certainly is a good deal to say of any one thing in this Protestant England, but we really think that on no other subject is more supreme nonsense talked, in and out of Exeter Hall, than on what Protestants call the Sabbath, that is to say, the day known to Christians as the Sunday, or the Lord's Day—the *Dies Dominica*. Whether Sunday is the first day of the week, or the seventh day of the week; whether it is to be kept as a Jewish day of rest, or not; in short, what it is, and what its obligations are, are matters upon which the Protestant religious world, and Mr. Horace Mann's Christian Churches, have no dogmatic statements to offer. However, the day is for the most part called the Sabbath; and the stress of private judgment leans in a very unmistakeable manner towards an outside judaical observance of it. The results of these views we are going to lay before our sight-seers in the shape of a picture of busy life, again supplied by that indefatigable artist, the *Times*. It seems that a meeting was held in October 1852, at Sion College, by the London Establishment ministers, against the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sundays. On Saturday, which all Christendom calls the Sabbath, October 30, 1852, the *Times* gave this picture by way of reply. It is our seventh :

"The results of opening the Crystal Palace on Sunday afternoon, must, of course, for the present, be entirely conjectural; not so, however, the results of having no such resource. There will be no Crystal Palace to-morrow afternoon, nor was there in the Sunday

afternoons of last summer. So we may already see for ourselves, without going to Sion College, the result of a compliance with the address thus agreed to. Do the masses, the people, the working-classes of London, crowd to our churches, morning, afternoon, evening, whenever the bells invite them? Do we see our aisles, our free seats, our galleries, crowded with the pale faces, the horny hands, the fustian jackets, the coarse linen, of those who do the rough work of this vast metropolis? Where are the artisans, the labourers, the porters, the coalwhippers, the lightermen, the sailors, and the myriads of toiling and suffering humanity? Here and there one of them, a marvel of his class, a man to write a book about, the hero perhaps already of half a dozen religious tracts, does go to church, or to meeting, on the Sunday morning, and perhaps the evening also. Will the statist and prophets of Sion College tell us where the others are, the 999 out of a thousand? We presume they will not say with the Pharisees of old, 'this people is accursed,' nor can they imagine that these 999 are engaged in private prayer, or otherwise observing the Sabbath. No; without specifying the various attractions which the existing laws permit on the Sunday afternoon, we may at once reply, that the said 999 are sitting, or sleeping, or talking politics, or reading the Sunday papers, or fighting, or seeing their dogs fight, or rat-catching, or walking in the fields—if there chance to be any within walking distance—or quarrelling with their wives, or simply doing nothing at all, being jaded, wearied, prostrated, in a sort of hebdomadal trance or *coma*—that very minor sort of intoxication into which a very wearied man may be thrown by a single half-glass of bad beer, or a half-dram of bad gin. That is the present state of things; and that is the state which the Venerable Archdeacon and his friends wish to perpetuate, as it certainly would be perpetuated by a compliance with their address.

"Might we beg to suggest to these very excellent gentlemen, that if they really want a task worthy of the high position they claim, they had better leave for a while the old beaten track, and the very easy track, of mere prohibitions, and attempt something of a more substantive, more constructive, or, as the Bible expresses it, more edifying character. Let them endeavour rather more to fill our churches; let them go into the streets and alleys, into the cellars and garrets, and try to reclaim men to a more civilised and religious way of life; and finally, so train the people that they shall of themselves come to church. Most assuredly they will never come to church merely because they can go nowhere else; for a man can always make a beast of himself at home if he has nowhere else to go to, and it will be worse for his wife and children if he does so. But it is quite clear that the lock and key system will not answer. Religion and morality must be in a very bad way when their only trust is in brick walls and oak doors, to keep people inside or outside, as it may be—inside a prison, or outside a place of innocent instruction or recreation. It certainly is not for want of buildings

or endowments or clergy that 'the people's Sabbath' is spent in the way we have described, for there is hardly a working-man in London who has not a church, a clergyman, a school, and all the rest of the parochial apparatus, within a quarter of a mile at the furthest. It is quite evident that neither opening churches nor closing places of amusement will answer without something else. Now, if the dignitaries and other clergy of London would meet to consider how to win the hearts and souls of the people, they might possibly counteract the attractions of the Crystal Palace, without the rude method of simply shutting it up. As it is, the question lies between various kinds of recreation; between the recreations of the gin-palace, the skittle-ground, the prize-ring, and, most innocent of all, the tea-garden, on the one hand, and on the other, an exhibition similar to that which was opened and closed with sacred worship, in the presence of royalty, last year.

“ ‘Oh, but,’ says one of the speakers at Sion College, “are there not the green fields, the comforts of home, and many things that the poor man can enjoy in common with his superiors and neighbours?” No, Mr. T. B. Murray—for that is the gentleman who talks in this way—the poor man has not green fields, nor the comforts of his home, nor any thing he can enjoy in common with his superiors, except the hard pavement, the London sky—seldom very clear—and the inside of the church, for which hitherto he seems to have but little appreciation. It takes a long time to get to green fields from the centre of London; and when you get to them at last, you find the illusion disappear. You find you must walk between high fences and foul ditches, with huge palings, smelling of gas tar, shutting out the view; you find the ground too damp, and the grass too dirty, to allow you to sit down; and there is no other way to rest your weary limbs if you happen to be tired with your walk; you find crowds of people, still more wearied than yourself, looking about for seats in vain, and evidently at that pass which soon or late comes to all in the evening of life, when pleasure itself is a toil. Nor is this the whole or the worst of your disagreeables. There are on all sides throngs of rude lads, occupied very suitably for their own boyish age, and obeying instincts which you are disposed to regard with indulgence, but somewhat to your present discomfort—that is, throwing stones, pushing one another about, exercising their lungs, and ‘larking’ generally. You also meet numerous ill-conditioned fellows, leading awful-looking bull terriers, with every imaginable vulgarity of body, face, and limb. Among the pleasantest and most available spots near London, at all in the nature of ‘green fields,’ are the various approaches to Hampstead, particularly that over Primrose Hill. Will Mr. T. B. Murray, then, walk to-morrow from Camden Town, by Chalk Farm, to the top of Primrose Hill, and thence through ‘Belsize Park’ to Hampstead Church; and even he will acknowledge that, for Sabbatical peace and devotional retire-



ment, you might as well be roaming through the aisles, the promenades, and the gardens of the Crystal Palace."

After this, what about Sabbath observance, and the Society instituted for that purpose? Why, just this; that until they can make their theology as to the Sabbath clear, the people will naturally continue to please themselves, as they do. The Crystal Palace must, under any circumstances, be a great gain, in comparison with the details of this picture in the *Times*.

One of the groups in this Sabbath picture is quarrelling with their wives. It appears that this is a normal and peculiarly Sabbatical amusement. But it has been pushed of late to so great an extent, as to exceed the bounds of simple matrimonial jars; and has extended itself into results familiar to the law as "assault and battery." And so high has the relish for it become, that in the interest of the weaker sex the legislature has been compelled to interfere, and produce a fresh law to avenge the cause of those who suffer from the strong arms of our highly moral, Protestant, and Bible-reading people. The pictures produced by the police-courts in London, almost daily, are therefore so numerous, and so familiar to every reader of the *Times*, that our only embarrassment is selection from the number lying before us. We shall make a little group, and call it the eighth picture in our catalogue.

"On the 15th of July, 1853, at the Southwark Court, the *Times* reports that the complainant, a decent looking woman, declared that on the previous afternoon she was in the Borough Market, when her husband came up to her, and, without any provocation, struck her a severe blow, and ran away. *She said nothing about that, but went home after her business was over.* She had not been there many minutes before he rushed in after her, and struck her again, on the eye, with great violence." In answer to inquiries from Mr. A'Beckett, she said, "I keep the standing, and support the family; but he handles the money I earn, and beats me. I am sorry to say that my body is covered all over with bruises inflicted by him, but I never liked to complain at this court."

This is the usual type of case, with the occasional variety of the woman being pregnant and kicked, to the imminent peril of her life. Mr. A'Beckett, sending this enlightened husband to gaol, said, "the frequent ill-usage of women, for some years past, had created perfect scandal in the country."

"On the 12th of July, 1853, at Worship Street, a man was brought up for maltreating a woman who had protected his wife, which wife he had cruelly used and neglected, and at length utterly abandoned." That morning he called "at the house of the com-

plainant to ask after his child, which had been taken out by the mother. On this the prisoner called her a liar, and dealt her such a blow on the left side, and beneath the ear, that she instantly dropped on the door-step; . . . she scrambled on to her feet, and fled behind the counter to protect herself. But the prisoner forced her down into a corner, and as he could not strike her about the body, from her stooping position, beat her about the head, throat, face, and neck, in the most brutal manner, for at least a quarter of an hour, declaring all the time that he was determined to murder her, . . . Elizabeth Casher, a nurse, stated that, while passing the house, she saw the prisoner deal the woman a heavy blow on the head, and afterwards beat her about the head, face, and neck in such a frightful manner that she thought he must have killed her. The complainant was pinned down so helplessly in a corner, that she could not escape from his blows; *and from his beating her in that way, she thought at first she must be his own wife.*"

This figure of the nurse looking in at the window, under the impression that it must be the man's own wife, because he was thumping her with such peculiar science and interest, is, we think, very worthy of attention. We recommend it to our king of men.

But we must close our gallery. And it will give Mr. Horace Mann, no doubt, professional pleasure when we inform him, that it will be with a large picture of deaths, which he has, no doubt, carefully chronicled; perhaps not entirely without suspicion of the realities which we are going to produce. A presentment of the Grand Jury at the Liverpool Special Commission, appeared in the *Times* of December 10th, 1853. Its purport, and some details of the enormities against which it spoke, and the witness and sentiments of the *Times*, appeared in that paper on the 12th of December. We give the picture drawn by the *Times* exactly as it may be seen there. And with it we conclude our present catalogue.

"The foundation of human society, it is commonly felt, is laid in that deep and almost invincible instinct which leads the mother to watch over the life and wellbeing of her child. Except in those terrible cases where the social existence of the mother is at stake, and after a frenzied struggle, the fate of the offspring is sealed ere it be born, the spectacle of a parent deliberately allowing and even compassing the death of the child is more unnatural than suicide, more atrocious than murder, more hideous than sacrilege, and more monstrous than any other extravagance of crime. Yet the Grand Jury at the Liverpool Assizes, presided over by the enlightened and dispassionate member for South Lancashire, are unanimously of opinion that the interference of the Legislature is imperatively called on to arrest the frightful progress of this crime—to arrest it by preventing the pecuniary temptation afforded by Burial Clubs.

As matters now stand, a parent may insure in one or several of these societies, and by a small weekly subscription secure the payment of several pounds in the event of a child's death, for the vain consolation of a handsome funeral. A payment may be secured far beyond the wants of the occasion, and in order to procure a few pounds, that must soon be dissipated, as the wages of crime always are, there are found parents who will put a child into several Burial Clubs, carefully pay up for several weeks, and finish the horrible speculation by the murder of the unsuspecting child, and the mockery of a mournful ceremonial. This crime is said to be increasing. The Grand Jury has no doubt that the system of Burial Clubs operates as a direct incentive to murder, and that many of their fellow-beings are year by year hurried into eternity by those most closely united to them by the ties of nature and blood, if not of affection, for the sake of a few pounds. Such is the state of things, such the tendency, and such the new era opening to us in the middle of the nineteenth century, after generations of philanthropy, education, and reform. The worst scandals of barbarism are revived and surpassed by those of civilisation. To the brutality of the savage is added the mercenary calculations of a civilised age. The homeless wanderer that deserts the child she can no longer feed or carry, the Spartan parent that sacrifices a maimed and therefore useless progeny, the Pagan devotee that offers the blameless victim on the shrine of some hideous deity, and all other forms of infanticide, are surpassed in a new crime, which does all this for the sake of a little money, and the few momentary indulgences it may purchase. In a time of ease, fulness, and security, the worst horror of the besieged city is perpetrated, not to satisfy the ravenous appetite of a delirious mother, but, on a sober calculation, to buy a few days' holiday, a dress or two, and some superfluous comforts. Scores of such cases have been detected and punished; many more are suspected; they are pronounced frequent and increasing; and the Legislature is invoked to withdraw the irresistible pecuniary temptation.

"To stop the practice of Burial Clubs, or to put them under such limitations and rules as shall render the loss of a child no gain to the parent, is a practical measure, which goes to the root of the crime in its actual and developed form. To that there can be no objection, ignominious as it must be to the Senate of this great empire to recognise so hideous a crime, not in a subject tribe, but in its own manufacturing population at home. At the risk of publishing the scandal in the ears of all our enemies and calumniators, this must be done. As to the value of the other suggestion offered by the Grand Jury, there may be different opinions. For our own part, we cannot help fearing that, if Nature prove insufficient to keep the mother from murdering her child, education can do little more. This is not an offence against knowledge, but against instinct, and the first laws of our physical and moral being. "Can a mother forget her sucking child?" Can she learn more than Nature teaches her? Can



she acquire at school a feeling which maternity has failed to generate? Much may be done indeed by the general improvement of the working classes, and by bringing them more under the eye and within the civilising and moralising influence of their superiors. Say what satirists will of the vulgarity of the middle classes, the fireside in that rank of life is the home of domestic virtues, and, as a general rule, may teach some good lessons to the ranks both above and below. But then more must be done than is now done to cement the different orders of society, and introduce them one to another. The great work of this day is to fill up, if it may be, that now almost impassable gulf that yawns between the employers and the employed nowhere so much as in our great manufacturing cities. It is not the village labourer, with his ten hungry mouths to be fed out of as many shillings a week, who does this horrid deed, but the occupant of some cellar or garret under the smoke of tall chimneys, and near the ceaseless buzz of machinery. Uncared for, unvisited, unsought and unknown; buried in sensuality and hardened by want; dark and moody, aimless and miserable, the wretched parent conceives a morbid longing for some indulgences beyond her means, and having no pure and kindly influences to correct the horrid craving, lets it take its course, and sinks to a depth below humanity and brute nature itself.

“But, while the Grand Jury of Liverpool are quietly suggesting legislative remedies, another still more serious comment will suggest itself to many a reflective mind. Such a crime is more than a crime; it is a prodigy—a portent—and has its horrid significance. A deed scarcely more hideous, and substantially the same, but with more temptation, marked the character of an awful siege, and the doom of a protected but then abandoned people. When the mother had forgotten her sucking child, then Heaven forgot its chosen race, and surrendered it to the fury of the nations. The people whose land was thus first defiled, and then profaned, had left their deliverer and the guide of their youth. The general wreck of natural feeling was consummated and represented in one hideous act. But, when we find among ourselves not one act alone, but a prevailing and still increasing practice of the character thus denounced, ought we not to draw the most fearful surmises as to the general depravation of domestic feeling? Here are children born, nursed, nourished, fed, clothed, taught to meet the mother’s smile, to lisp the mother’s name, to stand upright, and make their first essays in the world, where they might act so great a part. This, the work of years and of such cost and trouble, is all done, as it seems, with no more heart than a woman would plant a row of cabbages or let a hen hatch a nestfull of eggs. It is simply a crop to be planted, watered, and then gathered in,—a useful animal to be bred, and converted into money in due time,—a speculation to be wound up at the earliest opportunity. With what amount of heart are families generally reared? What is the inducement? Whose weal, and what weal, is the object of the long toils and sacrifices? When is it a work of

nature, and when a mere pecuniary speculation? When for the child, and when for the parent? Certainly it is one of the scandals of civilisation that it sacrifices nature to schemes of ambition and aggrandisement, in which the more substantial interests, because the more vital and eternal, are sacrificed. Is there not some analogy in these sacrifices to the portentous deeds now so rife, we are told, in the depraved population of the manufacturing districts? A reflection so painful, so delicate, and yet so suggestive, we gladly leave in the hands of our readers, with no further remark than that there does seem something hideously significant in so extensive and so increasing a horror."

And this is England in general, and Liverpool in particular, portrayed by the *Times*! Free, enlightened, Protestant, Scriptural England. This is the result of "open Bible," of suppressing, as far as massacre and penal laws could suppress, the Catholic Church, of stealing her revenues, of spending upwards of five millions a year on the Establishment, of the efforts of all the Christian Protestant Churches in Mr. Horace Mann's paper-basket. And this is the England in which Mr. Chambers fears the existence of *Nuns*. We are ready to drop our pen over our argumentative success. We are awfully avenged. The days of Herod and Queen Elizabeth are paid for by the carnage of Liverpool. In spite of every prayer that a Catholic can utter for his erring neighbour, we are vindicated. We gladly leave so horrible a topic, with the hope that whatever shape the popular religion at Liverpool and elsewhere may take, this state of things may be met as far as possible by the law.

The dearest friends, as Swift has told us, must part; and we are now going to part with Mr. Horace Mann. He will believe us when we say, that we part with him with regret. The next period of his appearance is ten years off; and ten years is a long time in the life of man. Looking to the future, and especially to this interval, which thus stands between the present race and those who may be in existence ten years hence, we propose to offer one or two suggestive remarks by way of peroration to our king of men, who, if he ever had an infancy, must, like Pope, have

— "lisp'd in numbers; for the numbers came."

Will Mr. Horace Mann be so good as to tell us what has become of the Queen's supremacy? It seems to us that he has caught the sacred final court of appeal in the judicial committee of the Privy Council actually napping. Here are all these "Christian Churches," in which he has been running riot, presented to the Queen, and by her presented to both



Houses of Parliament; and yet they all, every one of them, utterly abhor, detest, abjure, and do every thing else that is necessary to declare their rejection of the supremacy of her Majesty in the direction of their affairs, with the one exception of the Established Episcopacy in England. The established Scotch Kirk is no whit behind the rest of the "Christian Churches" in this view, as to its internal discipline and its doctrine. And we have no doubt that Dr. Cumming, in his preaching-house in London, would, if properly provoked, not fail to remind the regal authority of a certain document called the Solemn League and Covenant, which enforces the Genevan views with singular terseness and homeliness of expression. But if her Majesty has been induced, by whatever means, to allow all these "Christian Churches" to be presented to her and to Parliament as such, it is quite clear that her spiritual supremacy over a very large part, probably the large majority, of her English and Welsh subjects is formally given up. The crown is no longer the universal spiritual head.

"Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet."

It shares that supremacy not only with the Pope, but with Calvin, John Wesley, and Joe Smith, not to mention other equally pleasant names. How much longer then, after such an avowal, is the formula to run on, "in all cases ecclesiastical as well as temporal, within these her dominions supreme?" If we were Anglicans, we should have great fears. Perhaps they have them. Who is this Mr. Horace Mann? By what incantations has he, in a single brown book, shivered that tremendous weapon, so long the terror of England? Can our Anglican friends have forgotten,—surely not *all* of them can have forgotten—the use made of this supremacy in the Gorham case? Were they not crushed by it? Was not its exercise to be the signal to many of them that their slavery was no longer tolerable, and that they must fly to us, who had never owned it, and who had spent a century and a half in death and confiscation—the consequences of our steadily resisting it. We stand now, as we have ever done, and as all these other "Christian Churches" do, utterly free from it. Perhaps by the next census, the endowed Anglican Establishment may have found a more ingenuous and honest position, and be, in this respect, more like the "other Christian Churches."

The royal supremacy, however, may be got rid of, even in England, and Christianity still remain intact. But there is a *Divine* supremacy, which Mr. Mann does not seem disposed to treat with much more consideration than he has treated the



royal supremacy; for what becomes of it after this passage, which occurs on page xlv. of this *Brown Book*?

“Another diversity of sentiment, *sufficiently important to necessitate a separate sect*, is that respecting the doctrine of the Trinity. The Unitarians, therefore, who deny the Divinity of Christ, on that account are *generally* found to form a distinct denomination; though, *to some extent, holders of anti-Trinitarian opinions may be found in other bodies.*”

Pleasant light reading this information of Mr. Horace Mann, told with so much innocence and *bonhomie*, is it not?

But this is a digression. To return to the question of the Royal Supremacy. In the great fuss made in 1850 and 1851 about the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy, much stress was laid upon the invasion of the dioceses occupied by Protestant bishops. It was urged that these dioceses already had bishops, and that it was an aggression upon the Queen's authority, and upon the jurisdiction of the Protestant bishops, to introduce Catholic diocesan bishops into the country. Well, on this point we need say nothing now. But if the distribution of the country into dioceses is worth any thing, what is its distribution into parishes? These “Christian Churches” of Mr. Horace Mann's are, by hypothesis, without bishops, except the Moravians and the Irvingites, who have something of the kind. But all of them, also by hypothesis, invade the parochial system. The village meeting-house, which seduces those in the evening who have nodded under the rector of Fudley-cum-Pipes in the morning, is as clear an invasion of the rights of the endowed Protestant Church, as the establishment of a rival Episcopacy. The two aggressions differ in degree, not in kind. The Calvinistic system not only has not, but detests, episcopacy; and therefore there is no contest between a Presbyterian and a Protestant bishop. But the blow is struck, and has for ages been struck, with great force at the point at which the systems come into collision, namely, in “parochial ministrations.” And against this blow may be read, in the Protestant canons of 1603, some very shrewd and uncomplimentary statements, which, together with the solemn league and covenant, we recommend to the fraternal reading of that delightful institution, the Protestant alliance, over their witches' broth, and otherwise. And is it then come to this for the Anglicans, that the invaders of their parishes, the traducers of their system, and “that pure and apostolical branch established in these realms,” should be served up, along with themselves, as a dainty dish to set before the Queen? Where is Hooker—the judicious? Where is Andrews? We dare not ask where is Laud? Where is Bramhall? where is Thorn-

dyke? where is Jeremy Taylor? Gorham answers, Where? Horace Mann answers, Where? Lords and Commons answer, Where? Her Majesty herself, if it is her royal pleasure, we beg respectfully to say, may also answer, Where?

Oh, Mr. Horace Mann, it's all you! We shall know more about it by the next census, if we all live so long, and you then divulge the secret of your "sitting." In the meantime, while we are waiting the divulging of that incubation, of all these evils to our established friends and to the cause of "Evangelic truth and Apostolic order," you are the dreadful witness. We would not willingly leave you to the furies of Archdeacon Denison, and to such destiny as might await you from "the restored synodical action of the Church of England in her convocation." Denison will unquestionably move that you shall be delivered over to the secular arm. He will point to the proximity of Palace-yard, and to its being a fit place for the expiation of your offences. He will have many followers. Mr. Montague Villiers, Honourable and Reverend, will plead your cause. Archdeacon Hale, worn out with the burden of his many charges, may perhaps, from a desire to obtain assistant-labourers at any price, be for a mild censure. But take our advice, and don't trust the Lower House. It is in the Upper House, who have ceased to have parishes, that your chance of safety lies. There, although Oxford may denounce, and Exeter gloat over the possibility of witnessing your fate, recollect that you have a Maltby. Dr. Sumner, too, will come heartily to your rescue; and in the instant of the possible triumph of the Denison party, will save you and every thing else by a prorogation. As we have more than once intimated, in the safety and long life of such a man, *tam cari capitis*, we must ever rejoice. And so we end our present acquaintance—too short alas!—with wishing Mr. Horace Mann, what in the lighter and convivial moments of the office must be the professional toast—many, many, many, happy returns.

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#### DR. NEWMAN'S LECTURES ON THE TURKS:

CATHOLIC INSTITUTES.

*Lectures on the History of the Turks in its relation to Christianity.* By the Author of "Loss and Gain." Dublin: Duffy, 1854.

WE rise from a perusal of this book with a feeling of the *embarrassment of riches*, which makes it difficult to select

from the accumulated mass of wealth, such a portion as we can afford to bestow upon our readers. That the revered and gifted author has here given us what will serve to carry on a now time-honoured claim to both those titles, it is almost superfluous to assure them. We recognise in every page the rare combination of qualities which attach to Dr. Newman's name: the strong grasp of facts and accuracy of detail, the power of rapid historical sketching, and of bringing together names and actions from centuries or regions far apart, to converge upon a principle to be illustrated; and this, with an ease and naturalness, which, while it strikes and convinces, only leaves us to wonder that he, and not ourselves, should have been the first to bring it to light: *ὡς ἀληθῶς, ἐγὼ δ' ἡμαρτον*. We have, too, besides the vivid geographical pictures, with which it was the office of the lecturer on his present subject to furnish us, the other and more familiar excellences of unstudied yet highly graphic description, acute discrimination of character, and a style alternately copious and terse, playful and earnest, but scholar-like and natural; with here and there perhaps the slightest conceivable slip, to afford internal evidence (as was said of Massillon with far less reason) that the author was thinking of his subject, not of his pen.

Personally, we might feel it to be taking a kind of liberty to have said even thus much, instead of simply making a selection of passages to bring our readers to the conclusion, independently of criticism. But the critic is bound, by the social compact between himself and the community of those who read at second-hand, not to be the mere Pylades of the tragedy, an attendant shadow on the hero of the scene, but to say at least a few words of his own. And we may take this opportunity of saying, that we feel our obligation to the author of these lectures to consist, not simply in his having given us a book containing much history, and suggesting more, an intellectual treat of the most attractive form, and within the compass of even the most occupied. He has done more for us than this. To have rubbed up in our memories the glorious and life-like narratives of old Herodotus; to have linked him on to Sir John Mandeville (*Arcades ambo*), and Gibbon, and Volney, and the modern travellers in the East, would of itself have been no slight boon. But we conceive it to be a yet higher benefit to be enabled to say to our fellow-countrymen, on the authority of a name of European celebrity, and one which even England does not ignore, that a Catholic has free range of thought and play of mind on subjects of general historical interest; that a priest, in this age of over-tasked



powers and scanty time, can, side by side with his missal and his breviary, employ himself on matters which equally engage the statesman and the philosopher; and a theologian turn from his Suarez, and De Lugo, and Viva, to look out upon the great theatre of the world, and summon the history of the Past to illustrate the bearings of an important, if not an anxious Present. To be book-worms on a very small scale when we are not public agitators, seems to be assumed by many as the alternative of a Catholic priest. In their view, he is a being limited to a certain tether of thought and interests; never travelling beyond his confessional and his round of sick calls; nor leaving the pages of his few manuals, except for those of the *Tablet* or the *Lamp*. Now we frankly concede all honour to such zealous missionaries, as, having been called to active and practical work, do not look beside it, but hold straight on with the one idea of saving souls in the definite though rugged path marked out for them. All honour to them, in proportion as their natural tastes, their capacities and antecedents, would have inclined them to strike into some of those many tempting tracks, which to them at least would be a divergence and abandonment of duty. They have left by the way-side, *oculo irretorto*, one of the most attractive of the golden apples that would have stayed their course. Others, meanwhile, have had a more versatile and "many-sided" part to sustain; equally capable of promoting the glory of their Master, and of exhibiting, through the Church, that has a sphere and a department for all, His "manifold Wisdom." We certainly hold it to be no inferior part of the vocation of such a writer as the author of *Loss and Gain* to afford a standing refutation to one deeply-fixed impression in the English mind. We mean the impression, refuted again and again, and then quietly re-assumed as a first principle, that no Catholic is really a free agent in the regions of intellect or history. You must either, it seems, think for yourself and read for yourself, and then you become a bad Catholic, sitting loose to the Church's view of things, and likely at any moment (unless the pride of consistency keep you back) to "scratch in" both your eyes again, like the wise man of Thessaly in the ancient ballad, by a second transit through the hedge that has blinded you. Or you must acquiesce in the Church's view of history, and then you become a timid historian, afraid to look facts in the face, selecting only certain passages from second-rate writers, and those (may be) garbled or glossed. You remain in the Catholic family, but at the price of surrendering your judgment; or you hunger for more *piquant* fare, and insist on enjoying it, but, like Esau, by the loss of your once-cherished

heritage. We shall wait with some little interest to know on which horn of the dilemma the *Lectures on the Turks* are to be impaled.

We have too long detained our readers from the book itself; and we proceed to give some extracts, to illustrate, in the first place, that power of conceiving and representing the material aspect of a country, as influencing the destinies of a race, which we have already represented as one of its remarkable characteristics. The value of such a power in a writer of history need scarcely be dwelt upon. It constitutes the historical painter, whose scenes dwell upon the mind because they are at once vivid and real, recognised as picturesque and poetic, inasmuch as they are not drawn from fancy, but vigorous transcripts of the earth that bears us. The rocks of Salvator Rosa are the actual rocks of Italy; the beeches of Gainsborough are the beeches that overhang many an English lane. We should be poorly compensated by wilder or more graceful forms for the loss of their naturalness and truth. And now we undraw the curtain of a picture, or rather a moving panorama, as faithful to the life as any thing that ever came from pencil, or was given to canvas. The author is describing the wild inhospitable regions in which the Tartars were bred, and the course they naturally took in descending upon more fertile and more civilised lands:

“ I have said that the geographical features of their country carry them forward in those two directions, the south and west; not to say that the ocean forbids them going eastward, and the north does but hold out to them a climate more inclement than their own. Leaving the district of Mongolia in the furthestmost east, high above the north of China, and passing through the long and broad valleys which I spoke of just now, the emigrants at length would arrive at the edge of that elevated plateau which constitutes Tartary proper. They would pass over the high region of Pamer, where are the sources of the Oxus; they would descend the terrace of the Bolor, and the steeps of Badakshan, and gradually reach a vast region, flat on the whole as the expanse they had left, but as strangely depressed beneath the level of the sea, as Tartary is lifted above it. This is the country, forming the two basins of the Aral and the Caspian, which terminates the immense Asiatic plain, and may be vaguely designated by the name of Turkistan. Hitherto the necessity of their route would force them on, in one multitudinous emigration, but now they may diverge, and have diverged. If they were to cross the Jaxartes and the Oxus, and proceed at length southward, they would come to Khorasan, the ancient Bactria, and so to Affghanistan and to Hindostan on the east, or to Persia on the west. But if instead they continued their westward course, then they would skirt the north coast of the Aral and



the Caspian, cross the Volga, and there have a second opportunity, if they chose to avail themselves of it, of descending southwards, by Georgia and Armenia, either to Syria or to Asia Minor. Refusing this diversion, and persevering onwards to the west, at length they would pass the Don, and descend upon Europe across the Ukraine, Bessarabia, and the Danube.

“Such are the three routes,—across the Oxus, across the Caucasus, and across the Danube—which the pastoral nations have variously pursued at various times, when their roving habits, their warlike propensities, and their discomforts at home, have combined to precipitate them on the industry, the civilisation, and the luxury of the west and of the south.”

We cannot deny our readers the pleasure of the sentences immediately following these, which carry us along over the regions which the author had just sketched in *still life*, with a velocity and force that really constitute the passage a sort of *Mazeppa* in prose.

“At such times, as might be inferred from what has been already said, their invasions have been rather irruptions, inroads, or what are called raids, than proper conquest and occupation of the countries which have been their victims. They would go forward, 200,000 of them at once, at the rate of 1000 miles in ten days, swimming the rivers, galloping over the plains, intoxicated with the excitement of air and speed, as if it were a fox-chase, or full of pride and fury at the reverses which set them in motion; seeking, indeed, their fortunes, but seeking them on no plan; like a flight of locusts, or a swarm of angry wasps smoked out of their nest. They would seek for immediate gratification, and let the future take its course. They would be bloodthirsty and rapacious, and would inflict ruin and misery to any extent; and they would do tenfold more harm to the invaded than benefit to themselves. They would be powerful to break down; helpless to build up. They would in a day undo the labour and the skill of years; but they would not know how to construct a polity, how to administer affairs, how to organise a system of slavery, or to digest a code of laws. Rather they would despise the sciences of politics, law, and finance; and if they honoured any profession or vocation, it would be such as bore immediately and personally on themselves. Thus we find them treating the priest and the physician with respect, when they found such among their captives; but they could not endure the presence of a lawyer. How could it be otherwise with those who may be called the outlaws of the human race? They did but justify the seeming paradox of the traveller's exclamation, who, when at length, after a dreary passage through the wilderness, he came in sight of a gibbet, returned thanks that he had now arrived at a civilised country.”

These galloping Tartars, however, have tempted us away, in our attempts to “catch” them, from our immediate object, which was to illustrate the power of philosophical geography,



already referred to. We will quote but one more passage, and then pass from noticing a characteristic which imparts such a charm to this book that we would fain have dwelt longer upon it.

“ We have now arrived at what may literally be called the turning-point of Turkish history. We have seen them gradually descend from the north, and in a certain degree become acclimated in the countries where they settled. They first appear across the Jaxartes in the beginning of the seventh century; they have now come to the beginning of the eleventh. Four centuries or thereabout have they been out of their deserts, gaining experience and educating themselves in such measure as was necessary for playing their part in the civilised world. First they came down into Sogdiana and Khorasan, and the country below it, as conquerors; they continued in it as subjects and slaves. They offered their services to the race which had subdued them; they made their way, by means of their new masters, down to the west and the south; they laid the foundations for their supremacy in Persia at some future time, and, as to the provinces which they had formerly occupied, there they gradually rose upwards through the social fabric to which they had been admitted, till at length they found themselves masters of them again. The sovereign power which they had acquired in the instance of the Gaznevites, drifted off to Hindostan; but still fresh tribes of their race poured down from the north, and filled up the gap; and while one dynasty of Turks was established in the peninsula, a second dynasty arose in the former seat of their power.

“ Now, I call the era at which I have arrived the turning-point of their fortunes, because, when they had descended down to Khorasan and the countries below it, they might have turned to the east or to the west as they chose. They were at liberty to turn their forces against their kindred in Hindostan, or to face towards the west, and make their way thither through the Saracens of Persia and its neighbouring countries. It was an era which determined the history of the world. I recollect once hearing a celebrated professor of geology attempt to draw out the consequences which would have occurred had there not been an outlet for the Thames, which exists, in fact, at a certain point of its course. He said that, had the range of hills been unbroken, it would have streamed off to the north-east, and have streamed into the sea at the Wash in Lincolnshire. An utter change in the political events which came after, another history of England and nothing short of it, would have been the result. An illustration such as this will at least serve to express what I would say of the point at which we now stand in the history of the Turks. Mahmood turned to the east; and had the barbarian tribes which successively descended done the same, they might have conquered the Ghaznevite dynasty, they might have settled themselves, like Timour, at Delhi, and their descendants might have been found there by the British in their conquests during

the last century; but they would have been unknown to Europe, they would have been strange to Constantinople, they would have had little interest for the Church. They rebelled against Mahmood, they drove his family to the East; but they did not pursue them thither; he warned them off the rich territory he had appropriated; he was the obstacle which turned the stream westward; they looked towards Persia, where their brethren had been so long settled, and they directed their course for good and all towards Europe."

This, of course, allies itself with a kindred power already mentioned, that of presenting to the mind brief and vigorous inductions from history, and sometimes by an unusual but (on second thoughts) most natural juxta-position, to confirm or illustrate a given point. Let our readers take the following passages, as bearing out what we mean to express.

"No race casts so broad and dark a shadow on the page of ecclesiastical history, and leaves so painful an impression on the mind of the reader, as the Turkish. The fierce Goths and Vandals, and then again the Lombards, were converted to Catholicism. The Franks yielded to the voice of St. Remigius; and Clovis, their leader, became the eldest son of the Church. The Anglo-Saxons gave up their idols at the preaching of St. Augustine and his companions. The German tribes acknowledged Christ amid their forests, though they martyred St. Boniface and other English and Irish missionaries who came to them. The Magyars in Hungary were led to faith through loyalty to their temporal monarch, their royal missionary, St. Stephen. The heathen Danes reappear as the chivalrous Normans, the haughty but true sons and vassals of St. Peter. The Saracens even, who gave birth to an imposture, withered away at the end of 300 or 400 years, and had not the power, though they had the will, to persevere in their enmity to the Cross. The Tartars had both the will and the power, but they were far off from Christendom, or came down in ephemeral outbreaks, which were rather those of freebooters than persecutors, or were directed as often against the enemies of the Church as against her children. But the unhappy race of whom I am speaking, from the first moment they appear in the history of Christendom, are its unmitigated, its obstinate, its consistent foes. They are inexhaustible in numbers, pouring down upon the South and West, and taking one and the same terrible mould of misbelief, as they successively descend. They have the populousness of the North with the fire of the South; the resources of Tartars, with the fanaticism of Saracens. And when their strength declines, and age steals upon them, there is no softening, no misgiving; they die and make no sign. In the words of the Wise Man, 'Being born, they forthwith ceased to be; and have been able to show no mark of virtue, but are consumed in wickedness.' God's judgments, God's mercies, are inscrutable; one nation is taken, another is left. It is a mystery; but the fact stands; since the year

1048, the Turks have been the great Antichrist among the races of men."

Or take a summary of the relations between the Crescent and the Tiara :

" War with the Turks was his [the Pope's] uninterrupted cry for seven or eight centuries, from the eleventh to the eighteenth ; it is a solitary and *unique* event in the history of the Church. Sylvester II. was the originator of the scheme of a union of Christian nations against them. St. Gregory VII. collected 50,000 men to repel them. Urban II. actually set in motion the long crusade. Honorius II. instituted the order of Knight Templars to protect the pilgrims from their assaults. Eugenius III. sent St. Bernard to preach the Holy War. Innocent III. advocated it in the august council of the Lateran. Nicholas IV. negotiated an alliance with the Tartars for its prosecution. Gregory X. was in the Holy Land in the midst of it, with our Edward I., when he was elected pope. Urban V. received and reconciled the Greek emperor with a view to its renewal. Innocent VI. sent the Blessed Peter Thomas the Carmelite to preach in its behalf. Boniface IX. raised the magnificent army of French, Germans, and Hungarians, who fought the great battle of Nicopolis. Eugenius IV. formed the confederation of Hungarians and Poles who fought the battle of Varna. Nicholas V. sent round St. John Capistran to urge the princes of Christendom against the enemy. Calixtus III. sent the celebrated Hunniades to fight with them. Pius II. addressed to their sultan an apostolic letter of warning and denunciation. Sixtus IV. fitted out a fleet against them. Innocent VIII. made them his mark from the beginning of his pontificate to the end. St. Pius V. added the 'Auxilium Christianorum' to our Lady's Litany, in thankfulness for his victory over them. Gregory XIII., with the same purpose, appointed the Festival of the Rosary. Clement IX. died of grief on account of their successes. The venerable Innocent XI. appointed the Festival of the Holy Name of Mary, for their rout before Vienna. Clement XII. extended the Feast of the Rosary to the whole Church for the great victory over them near Belgrade. These are but some of the many instances which might be given; but they are enough for the purpose of showing the perseverance of the popes."

These quotations, we think, abundantly establish the author's claim to rank as an accurate and powerful historian. We would fain have had space to cite passages of a lighter kind, which exhibit him as the graphic narrator of scenes and anecdotes connected with the different Tartar and Ottoman conquerors whom it was his office to introduce to us. And as a specimen of a higher strain, such as the subject demanded, we cannot but notice the account of St. Pius V. and the battle of Lepanto, which closes the third lecture. For all these things, and many other beauties which we are compelled



to leave unnoticed, our readers must turn to the volume itself.

Apropos, however, of *beauties*, we cannot resist just transferring to our paper the portrait of Attila. The traveller to Rome, who has been accustomed at each successive visit to St. Peter's to lean upon the massive marble rails before the altar of St. Leo, while that fine alto-relievo above him, Algardi's master-piece, has furnished a meditation on the superhuman power of the representative of St. Peter, driving calmly back with a majestic wave of the hand, the wild but heroic figure that represents that baffled Scourge of God, will be cruelly disappointed as he reads the reality. St. Leo, doubtless, may have been in outward presence what he was in inward power; but the man whom he subdued seems to have possessed no quality more impressive than that of intense savagery, unmitigated, unadorned.

"As the Huns were but reproductions of the ancient Scythians, so are they reproduced themselves in various Tartar races of modern times. Tavernier, the French traveller, in the seventeenth century, gives us a similar description of the Kalmuks, some of whom at present are included in the Russian empire. 'They are robust men,' he says, 'but the most ugly and deformed under heaven; a face so flat and broad, that from one eye to the other is a space of five or six fingers. Their eyes are very small; the nose so flat, that two small nostrils are the whole of it; knees turned out, feet turned in.'

"Attila himself did not degenerate in aspect from this unlovely race; for an historian tells us, whom I have already made use of, that 'his features bore the stamp of his national origin; and the portrait of Attila exhibits the genuine deformity of a modern Kalmuck; a large head, a swarthy complexion, small deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, a few hairs in the place of a beard, broad shoulders, and a short square body of nervous strength, though of a disproportioned form.' I should add, that the Tartar eyes are not only far apart, but slant inwards, as do the eyebrows, and are partly covered by the eyelid. Now Attila, this writer continues, 'had a custom of rolling his eyes, as if he wished to enjoy the terror which he inspired.' "

To our minds, the most powerful and philosophical portion of this book is the first part of the fourth lecture, entitled *Barbarism and Civilisation*, in which the author draws out the essential distinction between races or nations barbarous and civilised, in the causes which ultimately lead to their fall and extinction. His pervading idea is, that the latter decline from internal causes, and are brought to naught by the over-development of the very elements which gave them being and growth; while the former remain what they are for a given time, and are then shattered and dispersed from without. The conclusion of these premises is obvious as regards the

prospects of the Turkish empire. And we confess, that were we loyal subjects of that realm, we should not feel comfortable under the vivid description given by Dr. Newman, in the third part of his last lecture, of the degree to which the Turks are *in the way*, and are felt to be so, of the civilised nations on every side of them. We should feel ourselves manifestly *de trop*, and be much disposed, like a clownish intruder who finds himself in the midst of a polite circle, to look about for some fair pretext of effecting our escape to a more congenial neighbourhood. Rather the steppes of Tartary, or the ruined cities of Asia, than be hustled into a corner of Europe, and even *that* invaded by younger and more active powers than ourselves; the toes of our *kabooshes* trodden upon by supercilious tourists and bustling diplomatists, and the steam-engines of the nineteenth century out-smoking our tranquil pipes and damping our very beards with their infidel unquietness.

It only remains to say that these lectures were delivered, and have been dedicated, to the members of a society to which we heartily wish all such success as the zeal and spirit of their founder seem likely to secure. The Catholic Institute of Liverpool will, we trust, gradually become the model of similar institutions in other of our large commercial and manufacturing towns. To draw together the young men of that debatable frontier where the middle classes touch upon the higher; to give them topics of general literary interest, leavened and guided, whether more or less visibly and consciously, with true religion; to convert dangerous leisure-hours into times of improving recreation, and sanctify the spirit of association which has become so intensified in our day, by the temper of a Church-guild, and the patronage of St. Philip: all this is no slight task, and if effected, no slight boon. The Institute, which was opened in Liverpool last year by the Cardinal Archbishop, has already been the means of other lectures on Catholic subjects being written and printed.\* And we cannot doubt that in this, and other ways, the Rev. James Nugent, the zealous founder of this infant but vigorous society, will have the consolation of seeing much fruit from his labours, in the supply of two among our most crying needs—a permanent hold upon the youth of our middle classes, and the promotion of a sound Catholic literature.†

\* *E. g.* two recent Clifton Tracts on the Inquisition, and on the Albigenses and Waldenses. Also two very clever and interesting popular lectures by the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, answering the questions, *Is there a Church, and What is it?* All of these were first delivered to the Liverpool Catholic Institute.

† We beg to call our readers' attention to the Circular concerning this Institute, to be found among our Advertisements.

An institution of a somewhat similar kind has been established in Cork; and we are delighted to learn from the Second Half-yearly Report of it, which has reached us, that it is flourishing even beyond the most sanguine expectations of its founders. We take a very special interest in this institute, having reason to know that its character, if not determined, was at least greatly influenced and modified, by certain articles which appeared in our own journal some time since. In form it differs somewhat from the Liverpool Institute, as also in name, being called the *Cork Young Men's Society*; but its objects and modes of action are in substance the same. "Our Society," says the Report before us, "is educational, literary, social; but above all, and throughout all, it aims at being religious;" and as, in a former notice of this society, we took exception to some of its rules, as seeming to us somewhat too strict in the matter of religious observances, we feel bound to add, that we have since learnt, from the best authority, that this strictness has been found, practically, not only to be the chief element of stability in the undertaking, but even of attraction. We are informed that at least half of its members are now monthly communicants: all this speaks most highly for the young men of Cork, and of course, where such results can be obtained, they are an infinite addition to the literary and educational advantages which are the more immediate and obvious fruits of these institutes. Our limited space will not allow us to say more on this subject at present; but its importance becomes daily more and more evident. If we are to maintain our position—still more if we are to make any progress—among the rising generation, establishments of this kind, modified in details according to the means and necessities of the various localities, must industriously be multiplied. By these means we may hope to see springing up around us a *Young England* and a *Young Ireland* which will be the salvation, and not the ruin, of their countries.

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### Short Notices.

#### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne has addressed *A Letter to Lord Edward Howard on the proposed Committee of Inquiry into Religious Communities* (London, Richardson and Son), in which he exposes the malice of the Evangelical Alliance and of their tool, Mr. Chambers, in their proposal to limit the inquiry to the cloistered orders, and shows by clear statistics that of these orders there are fewer now in England



than there were fifty years ago. *Then* there were twenty-five houses of religious women keeping enclosure; *now* there are only eighteen; and in eleven of these there can certainly be no mysterious secrecy which could justify the interference of a parliamentary committee, since they have large boarding-schools for young ladies attached to them; and of the remaining seven, at least four teach poor-schools. If facts and plain common sense could make any impression on the bigots of Westminster Hall, this pamphlet ought certainly to do good service.

We have to thank a lady for a very good translation of a valuable work,—*Abridgment of the Catechism of Perseverance* of the Abbé Gaume, by Miss Lucy Ward (London, Dolman). The merits of the original work are too well known to render it necessary for us to say any thing in its praise. The present translation is faithful and English, and is carefully printed in good clear type. "It cannot fail," as the Bishop of Nottingham truly says in his official approbation of the work, "to be of great general utility;" and we heartily wish it success.

*Notes at Paris, particularly on the State and Prospects of Religion* (London, Rivingtons), is a small and shallow book, evidently from the pen of Dr. Wordsworth, who published a larger work on the same subject, some eight or ten years ago, entitled *A Diary in France*. It is conceived in the worst spirit of petty captiousness, which is so painful a characteristic in some of the latest developments of Anglicanism. We really cannot waste words on a man who can gravely make such assertions as these, that "the result of the Gorham controversy has been to make *the truth more evident*, and to make the doctrine of baptism become more of a living, abiding, indwelling, and energetic principle, exercising more influence on education and conduct!" that "the day may come when the emperor (Napoleon I.) will be canonised, and prayers be addressed to him as to a present deity, and that many things bethoken such a result;" that "an air of liveliness and cheerfulness on the countenances of Protestant Sisters of Mercy in Paris presents a contrast to the somewhat gloomy and almost abject look of many of the members of similar Roman Catholic institutions;" that the names of "Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity, and the like, savour of boldness, assumption, and uncharitableness; but that their use is not to be wondered at, since it is too much the practice of the Roman Church in France to speculate on women's weaknesses, and to strengthen herself by them, and to urge them to works of charity by flattery; but that this is done at the sacrifice of the most beautiful and holiest graces of Christian womanhood. It has almost swept away its bloom!" &c. &c. The ravings of Exeter Hall are to us scarcely so loathsome as the positive falsehoods and delicately-expressed inuendos of a writer of this class.

*Justo Jucundono, Prince of Japan*, by Philalethes (Baltimore, J. Murphy; London, Dolman), is not, as its title would lead one to suppose, "a pretty story," but a very solid and somewhat curious piece of controversial theology, in the shape of the discussions of a certain general council, consisting of five hundred divines "assembled from all parts of the world, and embracing representatives of every known religious sect!" The author has not favoured us with the "prosings" of every one of these eccentric divines, but he has given us very deep and learned arguments from the mouths of the more important amongst them; first for religion generally (against atheists), then for the worship of one God (against polytheism), next for Christianity (against Jews, Mahometans, &c.), and finally for Catholicity (against any and every

sect of Protestantism). The arguments are put in a masterly way, but we wish the author had chosen a better title.

We have already, in the course of this Number, had occasion to notice the Rev. W. H. Anderdon's two lectures delivered at Liverpool, entitled *Is there a Church, and What is it?* (Burns and Lambert.) In the first, the author undertakes to prove that there is such a thing as a Church upon earth; and his topics of proof are two: first, the necessity of the case; and secondly, the testimony of those who lived during the time of the Church's early life and growth. In the second, he undertakes to prove that this Church is not a Protestant body; a fact which hardly needed argument indeed, but which we cannot regret that the reverend author made the subject of a distinct lecture, so much pleasure have we derived from its perusal. These lectures are eminently the language of plain, practical common sense, pervaded throughout by a vein of quiet humour, and occasionally enlivened by a more undisguised touch of keen yet just satire. They are calculated to do great good, we imagine, among sober-minded and thoughtful Protestants.

*State Rationalism in Education*, by the Rev. H. Formby (Dublin, J. Duffy; London, Burns and Lambert), is an examination into the actual working and results of the system of the Board of Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, by an English priest, who has recently returned from a tour in that country; during which he visited a number of poor schools, both National and Catholic, and was greatly shocked by the compromise and the suppression of religious truth and practice, which appeared to be an essential characteristic of the former. Many both of his facts and arguments will be new and striking to the English reader, perhaps also to some Irish readers. The question at issue is most important; and since the National system seems to give no real satisfaction either to Catholics or Protestants, it is far from being an unpractical one. We cannot at present enter into an examination of the difficulties with which it is beset; but we can recommend Mr. Formby's pamphlet, as containing a plain exposition of the principal objections which lie against the National system, and as well deserving a careful perusal.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Lectures on Ancient Ethnography and Geography*, by B. G. Niebuhr, translated by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, F.R.S.E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. (London, Walton and Maberly. 2 vols.) Any thing of Niebuhr's must be valuable; but we have found these volumes less so than we expected. The ethnographical details are somewhat superficial, but the geographical part is excellent. The book is often enlivened by sketches of personal or national character. The author's estimate of Lucien Bonaparte, the Prince of Canino, with whom he is very angry for not carrying on the excavations at Tusculum, is amusing: "He has no interest for any thing except works of art, statues and the like; and it is impossible to make him see the importance of the remains of antiquity. He has the most unhistorical mind, and is unable to understand of what interest antiquities can be to history: the most beautiful things have been sold by him. He is one of those men who

enjoy a high degree of celebrity without deserving it; he is lively, but absurd, and an extremely bad epic poet. He has laid out a garden on a hill, and on a box-tree in it he has inscribed in order the names of the greatest epic poets, beginning near the root. Out of modesty he has put his own name lowest, and ascends up to Homer." To have an unhistorical mind is evidently with Niebuhr "flat burglary."

We are glad to see a People's Edition of *Dr. Lingard's History of England* (London, C. Dolman), to be completed in sixty weekly parts. We wish, however, that it had not been printed in that small *double-column* style, which is now happily almost obsolete; we hope also that the frontispiece is not to be taken as a fair sample of the numerous illustrations which we are promised, for it strikes us as any thing rather than an "embellishment." This edition will contain all the latest additions and corrections that were made by the learned author in the edition he published shortly before his death; and it is to be hoped that its cheapness will secure it a place in all our lending-libraries and other similar institutions.

We have reason to believe that *Ince's Outlines of English History* (J. Gilbert, Paternoster Row), are used as a class-book in some Catholic schools and families. *For a Protestant book*, it is remarkably fair and unprejudiced, so that we can, in some degree at least, afford to congratulate the author on its extensive circulation—the copy before us is said to be of the sixty-fifth thousand; occasionally, however, the traditions of Protestantism make their appearance, and are allowed to displace the facts of history, *e. g.* Mary I. is represented as having few qualities either estimable or amiable, and "revenge and tyranny" are said to have been "her too prevailing features;" and the persecutions of her reign are falsely attributed to herself.

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*The Heir of Redclyffe* (Parker and Son); *The Two Guardians*; *Henrietta's Wish* (Masters); *Kenneth*. These are some of the most charming little works of their kind which we have ever read. The class of books to which they belong is one which has but lately, comparatively speaking, sprung up among us; but which is at present extremely popular: it occupies a middle place between the mere child's story-book and the regular novel; and is intended chiefly for the amusement and instruction of young people, more especially girls, who are

"Standing with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

Accordingly the subject-matter of these books is found in the outward and inward life of very young people; and as life in that early stage is generally, especially in the case of girls, so sheltered and hedged round by the controlling influences of home as to be little exposed to external vicissitude, its real sphere is the inward world of thought and feeling: unlike the regular novel, therefore, these books for the most part present us with no very stirring incident, but trace the development of character through ordinary circumstances. Some of the first works of this class which became popular, were those edited by Mr. Sewell, "*Laneton Parsonage*," "*Amy Herbert*," "*Gertrude*," and others; all works of considerable ability, but with a certain character of stiffness and dryness about them, partly drawn from the dreary theology they in-



culeate, which is to us so great a drawback, that we are inclined to wonder at their having been so successful. Of the works whose titles stand at the head of this notice, some of the earlier ones (*The Two Guardians* for instance) have the same defect: and in all the Puseyite spirit is sufficiently perceptible to detract considerably from their beauty as well as from their usefulness. But there is an elegance of conception, a delicacy in the delineation and working out of the different characters, an airy gracefulness in the conversations, and an artistic skill in giving the personages a real existence in our minds, which are most charming. *The Heir of Redclyffe*, however, we consider very much superior to any of the others; indeed, we have seldom read so delightful a story; not that the plot, if it can be said to have any, is particularly well managed, perhaps rather the contrary; at all events, there are defects in it which show manifestly that the book is written by a lady, and we should say rather a young lady; but the idea of the main character, the Heir of Redclyffe himself, is both original and strikingly beautiful; and very lovely, though not so thoroughly life-like, is that of the sweet little heroine; while the contrast of the other pair, who stand as it were over against these, is admirable; and the clear-seeing, irritable, sick brother, with the gentle, judicious, sympathising mamma, fill out the canvas in a way which leaves us nothing to desire. Another peculiar charm in the book is a little halo of the highest and purest kind of romance thrown round the small incidents of daily life, and that so skilfully as not to give them any thing of a far-fetched or improbable character, and the delicately indicated analogy between the character and destiny of the Heir of Redclyffe and Lamotte Fouqué's Sintram; the foreign artist's sketching his face for an imaginative picture of Sir Galahad, and the allusions to a kind of destiny, the punishment of ancestral sin, hanging over his family. Another thing we very much admire is the successful way in which the authoress has contrived to make us not only submit to what would be called a melancholy termination of the book, but welcome it as we might a sorrow to ourselves, for the sake of the moral good it works or develops. The point of the book is, the contrast between a dry, systematic, secretly conceited piece of perfection, who, having been always respected and looked up to, has gained a quiet belief in his own infallibility, and placidly lays down the law for all around him, with a character of strong impulses, acute sensibilities, and intense conscientiousness, coupled with the strongest power of self-discipline, and at the same time entire unconsciousness of its own excellence. One thing, however, we must remark by the by; that the first of these characters, Philip, the conceited piece of perfection, is one which it would be next to impossible to find among Catholics, and therefore one which, except to those among us who have associated much with Protestants, especially Puseyites, will not perhaps appear natural. The constant practice of confession, which a man such as Philip is represented to be, really conscientious, would not fail, if a Catholic, to have recourse to, would very soon clear away the scales from his moral vision: besides that, even the most ordinary Catholics are in the habit of studying, in the lives of the saints, models so very far above them, and of a character so altogether supernatural, that they can scarcely rate their own performances very high, when they have nothing more to show than a regularly ordered life, and what they may consider a well-disciplined mind. We don't mean, of course, that there are no such things as conceited Catholics: Catholics, like other people, are liable to be vain of beauty, or talent, or rank, or wealth, or any other such worldly advantages; and, of course, even the most devout of them are by no means exempt from the danger of spi-

ritual pride ; but what we mean is, that the self-relying, compass-and-rule sort of character embodied in Philip, is one of which the specimens are happily scarce among us. That of Guy, on the other hand, has much in it that is Catholic ; though even there we cannot help feeling what a high blessing he would have found in the mild governance of the Church, and how comparatively easy the over-mastering grace of her sacraments would have rendered his struggles against the fierce nature he had inherited. Our readers will see that we are speaking of Guy and Philip, and almost praying for their conversion, as if they were real people ; a mistake for which our best apology must be to beg them to make acquaintance with these personages themselves ; and then, if they are too wise to pray for these creatures of the fancy, they may transfer their prayers to the account of the fair and beautifully-gifted authoress, which is the least we can do in return for the present she has made to our literature.

*The little Duke, or Richard the Fearless*, by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe" (Parker and Son, London), is a beautiful little story. There is no preface to it to tell us on what it is founded, but it gives one the idea of having been amplified from an old chronicle or series of ballads, and it has the fresh charm which belongs to writings of this character. The spirit of it, too, is thoroughly Catholic, except only that we must protest against the Mass being always designated as "the service," the "Holy Communion service," "morning service in the chapel," which we consider as a Puseyite affectation quite unworthy of the author. These, however, are mere specks ; and altogether we can cordially recommend the book to Catholic parents, as one in every way unobjectionable, and particularly attractive to children.

*The Progress of a Painter in the Nineteenth Century*, containing conversations and remarks upon art, by John Burnet, author of "Hints upon Painting," &c. (London, Bogue). "*Miscuit utile dulci*" is a very good motto for those who cheat children into taking their medicine by mixing up the powders in jam ; but we feel some disgust at a person who coolly tells us grown men and women that what he has to communicate is so deep and difficult that he does not think we can ever fathom its profundities unless he envelops it in a vehicle suited to our intellectual digestion, especially when the vehicle, as in this case, is a series of deadly-lively dinner or tea-table conversations, strung on the thread of a trivial story, the moral of which appears to be, that in order to be a painter it is necessary to be a Scotchman. The technicalities of the art are no doubt very good in themselves ; but concerning the book as a whole, we cannot help agreeing with the author's own estimate of its value, when he calls it "a feeble attempt, which he throws upon a favourable construction by the public."

*Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific, in H. M. S. Havannah*, by J. E. Erskine, Capt. R.N. (London, Murray). We feel bound to mention this book, as giving an apparently authentic account of considerable progress made by the Wesleyan missionaries in converting the savages of these islands to their own superstition. At present their success has been numerically greater than that of the Catholics ; but it must be remembered that they were the first comers, that their numbers and wealth are much greater, that they are supported by all the prestige of the English and American naval and mercantile marine, and that they are sadly unscrupulous in what they say of the Catholic missionaries. M. Calañon, the priest of the Tongan Islands, complained that some of them had denounced the Catholics as men who had been obliged to fly their own country, and were habitually



addicted to every description of vice and immorality. Our author's test of the success of these missionaries is the gradual extinction of cannibalism. With regard to any further development in civilisation, he does not seem to expect much from the followers of John Wesley; in fact, he rather despises them and their journals; of these he writes (p. 279): "To say nothing of a phraseology which is always repugnant to English readers of ordinary taste, some of the accounts lately published by members of the Wesleyan body, (who, leading for the greater part of their time easy lives in New Zealand, consider a periodical visitation of their working brethren a task of severe hardship,) are so full of exaggerated accounts of the ordinary dangers and privations of a sea-voyage, unfounded insinuations of a want of protection and sympathy on the part of the small naval force in these seas, and aggravations of the difficulties under which the business of the mission is carried on, as to repel the reader who desires information on subjects of more interest and importance; whilst tedious accounts of love-feasts, and of miraculous interferences in favour of the Christians against their spiritual enemies, might almost induce one to suppose that the effect of missionary success would only be the supplanting of the old superstitions of the natives by almost equally gross delusions of their own."

The following is a specimen of the savage logic of a cannibal: "A young man in one of the Feejee islands once pretended to be a priest, in order to obtain food. His imposture was so successful, that he made a fine trade of it, and came out as a great man. The chief sent for him, and said to him: 'Who are you that you should set up priest, and make yourself somebody? I will kill you and eat you to-day; and if your god be a true god, he will eat me.' And he was as good as his word too; for he clubbed him on the spot, put him into an oven, and baked and ate him. He had to eat him alone, as the people dare not eat a priest" (p. 251). It is not stated whether the poor young man's god did or did not kill and eat the chief in return.

*The History of Yucatan, from its discovery to the close of the Seventeenth Century*, by C. St. John Fancourt, Esq., recently H. M. Superintendent of the British Settlements in the bay of Honduras (London, Murray), is an able and unprejudiced compilation from the almost unknown Spanish writers on the discovery and first colonisation of Central America. The conduct of the Conquistadors towards the Indians is represented in a much better light than by the general run of English historians, and, on the whole, contrasts favourably with the conduct of Anglo-Saxon settlers in similar circumstances.

*The Divine Comedy of Dante*; rendered into English by F. Pollock, Esq., with illustrations by G. Scharfe, jun. (London, Chapman and Hall). Mr. Pollock has attempted in this translation to make each line a representation of the corresponding verse of the original, and even to retain the order of the words; he has also shown a very laudable care not to dilute the vigorous words of Dante, or to insert epithets. The opening of the first canto of the "Inferno" fully warrants the professions of the translator; and if the whole had been rendered in the same way, this would have been by far the best English transcript of the great Florentine poet. But in parts, especially in the philosophical questions, which occupy so large a portion of the "Purgatory" and the "Paradise," Mr. Pollock fails sadly. He neither represents the meaning of the original, nor supplies any intelligible sense in its place; where Dante gives us at least philosophy, if not poetry, Mr. Pollock gives us neither rhyme nor reason. The fact is, that to translate Dante, a man



should be a good metaphysician as well as a poet; if he does not understand the philosophy of St. Thomas, he cannot render the poetry of Dante intelligible. Mr. Pollock does not understand this philosophy, and therefore he makes nonsense of the poetry. For instance, *Inferno*, canto 3, Dante talks of the wicked having lost "il ben dell' intelletto," *i. e.* God, as the final end, or chief good of the rational soul; "the intelligible good;" Mr. Pollock makes this good simply subjective, and calls it "the good gifts of the mind." So, again, when Dante speaks of the soul being aroused by pleasure into act, Mr. Pollock dilutes the technical phrase into "waking to pleased activity." (*Purg.* 18.) But we will give a connected passage: Dante, in *Purgatory*, cant. 17, shows that sins there punished arise from a misdirected love. "Love," he says, "is either instinctive (natural), or deliberate (of the mind); the former admits not error. The other may err, either in its object or in its amount." Then Mr. Pollock proceeds:

"While it is well directed primally,  
Or secondarily restrains itself,  
It cannot be the cause of wicked joy.  
But when it turns to ill, or with more zeal  
Or less than should be, after good it runs,  
Against the Maker—then the thing made works.  
Hence thou mayest understand how needs must be  
Love the seed in you of all excellence,  
And of all acts deserving punishment.  
Further, since cannot from the benefit  
Of its own subject, love be ever turned,  
From hating of themselves all things are safe;  
And because cannot in division life,  
Or standing by itself, what comes from God,  
From hating Him all passion is shut out."

These few lines sufficiently demonstrate the hopelessness of being able to retain the order of the lines and words, and yet to preserve the sense. Though in this instance, we think a little more familiarity with philosophical studies would have enabled the translator, even with his own canons of translation, at least to avoid talking nonsense. For instance, in the first two lines, which look so enigmatical, Dante simply says, "when love is well directed in the first" (*i. e.* in its ends or objects), "and in the second" (its amount of vigour) "moderates itself," it cannot occasion a guilty delight.

Again, nothing can be more barbarous than the fourth and fifth triplets, nor more unsuggestive of the meaning of the Italian. Dante says nearly word for word as follows:

"Now since love cannot from the happiness  
Of its own subject ever turn its gaze,  
From hating self all beings are secure.  
And since we cannot think that aught, cut off  
From the first cause, can by itself subsist,  
From hating Him is all affection barred."

He means, that the first error of love is the choice of a wrong object, namely, evil instead of good; but no person capable of loving can desire his own misery and evil; therefore, it is not possible absolutely to hate oneself, or to love one's own evil for its own sake. Again, nothing can be conceived to exist absolutely separated from God; therefore nothing can desire this absolute separation; therefore no being can hate God as the Creator and Preserver. It remains, then, that if we love evil, it must be our neighbour's evil that we love; and this misdirected love is either anger, hatred, or envy. Such is the meaning which is quite clear

on the surface of the Italian; it would puzzle us to extract it from Mr. Pollock's translation, without looking at the original.

Mr. Pollock is more successful in passages of passion; in fact, in what must be owned to be the real poetry of Dante. In such places he often expresses himself as felicitously as we could desire. On the whole, we can only praise the industry and good taste which could lead a man to spend so much time on a poet who will never be popular in England; and we only lament, that as he has often succeeded so well, he should have, in other passages, laid himself open to the blame which we have found it necessary to award to him. We yet want a translation of Dante by a Catholic who understands the theology and philosophy of which his works are full.

With regard to Mr. Scharfe's illustrations, *distinguendum est*. Those from the old Italian masters are really what they profess to be; those from Flaxman could easily be spared: they are all carefully executed in outline.

*Spanish Literature*, by Alex. F. Foster (Edinburgh, Chambers), is a tolerably well-executed sketch of the different periods of so much of Spanish literature as is contained in its poetry and prose romances. Of its deep theology and philosophy the author is completely ignorant. It is not to be expected that we can recommend a book whose object is "briefly to trace the early progress of the Spanish intellect, and to mark its premature decay under the blighting influence of civil and religious despotism." The author culls a few flowers of poetry and fancy, and then regrets that "little of a more substantial nature was produced." The substantial literature of the countrymen of Balmez cannot be so meagre as this one-sided writer would persuade us. In fact, we have but just noticed a very interesting book, which is almost entirely compiled from Spanish histories of the conquest of Mexico.

*Stumpingford, a Tale of the Protestant Alliance; Jonah; and La Salette* (Richardson and Son), is a most clever and amusing little tale—a true tale of the times. We do not mean that the incidents narrated in these pages have any where happened precisely in the order and manner here recorded; but they are such as *might* have happened in any town in England, and something very like what actually *has* happened within the last two or three years. The vein of satire which runs through the whole book, especially the earlier and latter portions of it, is irresistibly ludicrous; and yet the tale is a *picture* of the times, not a *caricature*. Indeed, it is the truth of the satire which gives it all its point. The conversion and death of the hero are most skilfully managed, and very effectively told. In a word, we have both laughed and cried over these pages. Need we say more to recommend them to our readers?

We cordially agree with Mr. T. A. Buckley, in his estimate both of the usefulness and the entertaining nature of the plan of teaching history which he has adopted in his *Ancient Cities of the World* (Routledge): not, of course, as a means of teaching history to the real *bonâ fide* student, but as furnishing others with certain general outlines, which may "be filled up by the gradual maturing of their own thoughts and reading in historic lore." This book is intended "as a reading-book rather than a school-book;" and contains lively historical sketches of Babylon, Nineveh, Damascus, Tyre, Petra, Peking, Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, &c. It is a good book for lending-libraries of the better class. *The Great Cities of the Middle Ages*, by the same author, and on the same plan, cannot be recommended to Catholics. It suggests

an admirable idea, however, which we should be glad to see taken up and acted upon by some competent Catholic writer.

*Natural History in Stories*, by M. S. C.; and *Pretty Poll*, a parrot's own history (Adley and Co.), are charming little books for little people. Mrs. Loudon's *Young Naturalist's Journey* is of the same kind, only of more pretensions, and suited to children of a more advanced age. It is full of interesting stories of natural history, which have the very great advantage, the authoress assures us, of being "strictly true."

*A Year with the Turks, or Sketches of Travel in the European and Asiatic Dominions of the Sultan*, by Warrington W. Smyth, M. A. (London, J. W. Parker). A very good book of travels in itself, independently of its present interest. The author has given an ethnographical map, showing the distribution of the different races in the dominions of the Sultan, which will be found useful by many readers.

*Lady Lee's Widowhood*, by Edward Bruce Hamley, Capt. R.A. (Edinburgh, Blackwood. 2 vols.), is a novel reprinted from a magazine; scampish, melodramatic, and flashy, some people might even say trashy; but withal very amusing.

*The British Museum, historical and descriptive*, with numerous wood engravings (Edinburgh, Chambers). Well enough to give country-folks an idea of the contents of our national museum, but as a handbook decidedly out of date.

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## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*La Cosmogonie de la Bible devant les Sciences perfectionnées : ou, la Révélation primitive démontrée par l'accord suivi des faits cosmogoniques avec les Principes de la Science générale*, par M. l'Abbé A. Sorignet (Paris, Gaume, frères), is a book open to the same kind of objections as those which we brought against the volume of C. B. on the same subject, reviewed in a late number of our last series.

*Philosophie. De la Connaissance de Dieu*, par A. Gratry, Prêtre de l'Oratoire de l'Immaculée Conception, 2 tom. (Paris, Douniol et Lecoffre). This is the first instalment of a series of treatises on philosophy; it is to be followed by works on psychology, logic, and ethics. The author begins with the science of God (including the science of the soul elevating itself to God), because this is the beginning as well as end of all philosophy; in it are involved the method, the logic, the ethics, the metaphysics and ideology, and the psychology of the system. "In this sense the science of God is the whole of philosophy." He undertakes to prove that the inductive process, or logic of invention, is as rigorously scientific as the deductive; it consists in setting out from any finite being or quality, and after suppressing all limits, in affirming the Infinite Being, or infinite perfections corresponding to the finite quality under our notice. Every use of this process of the reason is in its very nature a proof of the being and attributes of God. It is always true; it is as valid in geometry (in the infinitesimal calculus) as in ontology. But in its metaphysical use, it requires the co-operation of the intellect and will.

Such is the thesis of the book, and it appears to be treated with distinguished ability. Though we have not had time to make more than a



cursory examination of it, we have seen quite enough to be able to recommend it as a thoughtful Catholic work, and well deserving the attention of the student of philosophy.

*Le Pape en tous les temps, et spécialement au XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle*, par Dr. Don Juan Gonzalez, traduit de l'Espagnol par le Comte Ch. de Reynold Chavancy (Paris, Vaton, 1854), is a cursory view of the influence of the Papacy on the religious, political, social, and intellectual movements of Europe from the earliest times. We are afraid that its numerous allusions will prevent its being understood by the less learned, while better-read persons will find that it contains nothing which they did not know before. The argument is, that the influence of the Pope has always been for the best; that this influence is impossible without independence; and that independence implies a temporal sovereignty; and that this is to be preserved to the Pope at all risks. The author is, perhaps, rather too one-sided in his views: he owns that wherever he looks he can see nothing but Rome. "Partout où Rome jette sa parole de condamnation, tout devient stérile; partout où Rome jette sa parole de salut, tout se vivifie. Où est aujourd'hui cette grande Eglise d'Orient, &c.? . . . Luther avec son génie et ses œuvres, Napoléon avec ses armées et ses victoires, où sont ils? Je cherche à les voir encore; mais ils ont disparu." On the contrary, all these things exist in vital energy. The Greek Church is the soul of the Russian war. Luther has set in motion the whole infidel and sensual philosophy of Europe. Napoleon, perhaps, has founded a dynasty which may work good or evil to the Church to an incalculable amount. If all that is not the Church, always, as a matter of course, came to nothing, what would she have to oppose? where our need of the author's argument?

*Esprit des Saints illustres, auteurs ascétiques et moralistes, non compris au nombre des Pères et Docteurs de l'Eglise*, par M. l'Abbe L. Grimes (6 vols. 8vo, Paris, Sagnier et Bray), is made up of extracts from the writings of saints, preceded by a notice of their life and literary productions. A book of the highest class for spiritual reading, although from its very nature somewhat deficient in unity or continuity of subject.

*Harmonie du Catholicisme avec la Nature Humaine*, par Mde. L. de Challié (Paris, Gaume). Faith is the motive of the most splendid of human actions; the soul ought always to mourn its doubts. Therefore there must be some institution like the Church, which gives us faith, and answers our doubts; therefore the Church is true. Madame de Challié has treated her subject cleverly and learnedly; but we need hardly tell her that her proof is not demonstrative.

*Histoire de l'Eglise de France pendant la Révolution*, par M. l'Abbé Jager (3 tom. Bruxelles, Goemaere). The learned abbé traces the principles of the Revolution to Voltaire and Rousseau, and attributes its outbreak to financial difficulties; he traces the decline of the popularity of the clergy, coinciding with the spread of anarchy, and gives a strong picture of the atrocities endured with such Christian fortitude by the martyred priests of the Revolution. We highly recommend these volumes; though we think that the principles of the Revolution may be traced rather further back than to Voltaire. The Brahmin teaches that the world rests on the back of a tortoise. But what does the tortoise stand on? asks an over-curious disciple.

## Correspondence.

## CHURCH CHOIRS AND CHORAL SCHOOLS.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

DEAR SIR,—A regular and well-organised system for the training of choristers is, as a contributor to your February Number observes, one of the *desiderata* of our time. And perhaps you will not consider it a waste of your space to admit a few observations on the whole subject of Church choirs, from a priest in charge of an important London mission, who has long felt experimentally the anomalies and difficulties to which your Reviewer alludes, and done his best, whether with greater or less success, to remedy them.

The plan of a school, whether central or local, of which education in music and ecclesiastical proprieties shall form the characteristic feature, seems to me open to some objections. I cannot help thinking, that the object which should give its character and tone to every Catholic school, is religious and moral training; into which I fully admit that the proposed instruction should (in all cases where it is applicable) enter, but of which it should form but part; important, indeed, but strictly subordinate. A boy who has a voice, and a "soul for music," has not the less a soul to be saved; and I seem to fancy that, if musical capacity were to be made the principle of selection, and its cultivation the main object of care, there would be very great danger of the arrangements of the school being made to bear disproportionately upon this one point. I say this, not in the spirit of cavil or opposition, far from it, but simply as feeling how necessary it is that plans of this kind should be duly "ventilated" before they are carried out; one great evil of the present day being, as I think, a tendency to hasty legislation. Let us try and imagine some of the practical difficulties of such an undertaking. Are the musical and ceremonial, or ecclesiastical department, on the one hand, and the moral and general, on the other, to be conducted by different masters, or by the same? If the former, I think it would be far better to graft the musical education (much more efficient and satisfactory, however, than any thing we have at present) upon poor and middle schools, than to draw off the musical boys of either class to a separate place of instruction, designed especially for them. If, however, the two branches are to be united in one and the same master, where, I ask, are we to find our men? *Quis instruet ipsos instructores?* We want the school to educate the masters, before we have got the masters to educate the school. Where are we to find the man, at least among such as are not occupied in other duties, who is at once theologian, disciplinarian, and scientific musician, to say nothing of the various other qualifications necessary for such a schoolmaster? I fear that one or the other of two naturally unconnected qualities, namely, religious knowledge and musical skill, would have in the long-run to be sacrificed; and thus, that our school would end in producing either indifferent musicians, or, what would be infinitely worse, *mere* musicians. I shall come presently to the other alternative, that of a separate instruction in the two departments, which appears far more feasible.

But there is a further question to be considered. What are we to do in the mean time? We want for our choirs, and want at once, boys and men; trebles, and altos, and tenors, and basses. However efficient,

then, our projected music-school, we should have to wait years before it would furnish an adequate supply of voices. It takes a long time, as every one knows, for a good boy's voice to mature into a good man's voice; and often, I believe, it happens that the voice, once lost, never comes back. Observe, too, when our school has trained its lad, it sends him out, for better for worse, into a church choir; from which, when no longer of use, he passes, not back to the school, but forward into the world; where, ten to one, he loses his ecclesiastical spirit along with his voice; and when his voice returns, and he enters a choir again, he has forgotten all about Antiphons and Alleluias.

It is a very practical question. How are we to stock our choirs at the present time; drawn asunder, as we are, by the most opposite principles, and hedged in between the most awkward prohibitions? I am almost reminded of the Prince Regent's lament:

"A strait waistcoat on him, and restrictions on me,  
A more 'limited monarchy' scarcely could be."

The Synod of Oscott warns us against "*fœminæ, præsertim conductæ*." On the other hand, many persons feel that Protestant singers are not merely undesirable in fact, but wrong in principle. The synod (remarkably enough) abstains from all mention of *Protestants*, though, of course, amply cognisant of their existence in a large majority of the choirs in England; and, what gives effect to this silence, specifies females (especially when hired), only to *object* to them. Our problem, then, is, "How to make a good choir without either ladies or Protestants."\*

Now, if we be pressed to construct such a choir at an hour's notice, I must say that I believe the thing to be simply impossible; and that we must make our option between a class of singers against which we are thus warned by authority, and one which, however we may dislike, has received no similar condemnation; although, of course, tolerated only, not liked. And this, of course, if it be a strict alternative, leaves practically no choice to a priest who is actuated by the spirit of obedience. If a choir can be formed of male Catholics only, sufficient for the purpose of such music as our congregations expect, and as the Church, as a general rule, presupposes, I for one would gladly sacrifice excellence of performance to the benefit of so strictly ecclesiastical an arrangement. But I can only say that, after four years' experience, during which the attempt has been sincerely and anxiously made, I pronounce it simply impracticable.

On the other hand, I am prepared to show that, if we had but time allowed us, the end might be gained; and that by a method which for several reasons appears preferable to a school of which a musical education should be the principal feature. I think that, although a thoroughly ecclesiastical arrangement of choirs cannot possibly (as, indeed, all admit) be reached *per saltum*, yet that we may make a continual approximation towards it in easy and obvious ways; by availing ourselves of materials ready to our hand, and keeping clear, in the mean while, of any collision with either the words or the wishes of ecclesiastical authority.

My idea—fully borne out, I should say, by the opinion of my colleague, who, unlike myself, is a perfect master of music—is, that we may do great things towards creating an efficient choir of *Catholics*;

\* In London, I think I am correct in saying that there are *no* choirs from which Protestants, and but two from which females, are excluded.



first, by introducing a superior musical education into our actual poor and middle schools; secondly, by bringing into play the musical capacity which is distributed throughout the male portion of our congregations. The advantages of this plan (if feasible, which is a point I am coming to) are manifold. 1. It requires no new machinery. 2. It goes to form a tie, of the very best kind, between our own people and the Church. 3. It gives us a hold upon boys after they leave school. 4. It cuts up the *professional* spirit in our choirs. 5. It is very economical. 6. It tends to make the choir (what it ought to be) a part of the Church *establishment*. 7. It secures uniformity in the style of music, and consequent unity of spirit in the choir. 8. It enables you to have a choir far more at your command than is possible when you depend on strangers. It has all these advantages in comparison with a merely professional choir; it has some of them in comparison with the plan which your Reviewer temperately advocates.

To show you that here I am not setting up a chimera, I will tell you what has been done, under my own eye, in this church, and yet but as a mere essay towards the plan I have just sketched out. First, as to the school. For the last three years and a half we have paid an experienced musical teacher (of course, a *mere* musician, for no more is here necessary) twelve or fifteen pounds a-year, to give superior musical instruction twice a-week to such boys in the poor-school, among others, as exhibited any fitness for it; *all* the boys in that school being *regularly* instructed in the *rudiments* of music as part of the school work. The results have been—1. that our own school-boys can now sing a little easy mass on all days of devotion; 2. that, even in our Sunday choir, we have at present no trebles *but our own boys*. Secondly, as to the class of adults. Every Thursday evening, all the young men of the congregation who have ears and voices assemble in our house, and practise for two hours, under the direction of my colleague. The effect of this arrangement has been, that we have a *native* choir, independent altogether of Protestants, ladies, and externs, who are always ready for vespers or feasts of devotion, and sing them (as our kind friend, Dr. Maguire, our vicar-general, who always when he can attends them, can attest) with great spirit and precision. It is, of course, unnecessary to add, that in this church all the parts of the mass and vespers are sung with every practicable attention to rubrical accuracy. The same home-choir assist, as far as possible, at solemn mass on days of devotion, and at the offices of Holy Week. It consists not merely of Catholics *only*, but of Catholics *regular at their religious duties*. In addition to this provision for the more *proficient*, the young men of our congregation have lately, of their own accord and at their own cost, formed a class of *beginners*; so that we have now two sets of boys and two sets of adults, receiving constant instruction according to their several degrees of advancement.

How much of any success which has attended this experiment may be owing to the fact of my having a colleague who is a perfect proficient in music, and who devotes himself with the greatest assiduity to superintending the choral arrangements, is more than I can say. But this advantage might, to a certain extent, be compensated (where there is no priest similarly qualified), by the direction of a layman of competent musical attainments and thoroughly ecclesiastical spirit.

Still, however, we cannot manage to construct a *Sunday* choir, sung as the people expect, without a sprinkling of Protestants. It is true that we have fewer of them than most churches in London; that is to say, we have three out of twenty; and among these three, two are Ca-

tholics at heart. But if a *principle* be at stake, it is violated by three as much as by thirty.

Pending, however, an authoritative decision against admitting them, and with an intimation in the Oscott decrees against female singers, which (like the parallel declaration in favour of Roman vestments in the same decrees) is, though not conclusive against *existing* arrangements, yet quite decisive, in the estimate of obedience, against making *this* the time for introducing them, I cannot see my way towards breaking up a choir on account of two or three Protestants, reverent in behaviour, and, as to disposition, quite as much Catholics as they are any thing else. I do not feel with your Reviewer, that such persons are wholly out of their right place in enunciating the words of the creed, or in following, whenever they do so, an "Image of the Blessed Virgin," with the chorus of supplicants; though not obliged to join it, if their conscience forbids. As things are, I incline to think we must content ourselves with merely *external* criteria of propriety; judged by which, I am sorry to say that Protestants sometimes appear to advantage by the side of nominal Catholics. Here, indeed, I am reminded of another difficulty. On strict *ecclesiastical* principles, to admit into our choirs an *unpractising* Catholic, is surely but one degree, if at all, less irregular than to admit a "non-Catholic." The plan I have just proposed *tends* to a *thoroughly* ecclesiastical arrangement; for it would be a priest's duty to require the observance of the Paschal precept in the members of his choir, as in those who assist in the sanctuary. But the test of a merely nominal faith obviously does not go far enough.

I must add a few words on the advantage of open and visible choirs. Whatever irregularity goes on in *them* can be instantly put down; and the momentary scandal of the congregation, produced by such irregularity, is an infinitely less evil than the habitual irreverence and objectionable freedoms of which *concealed* choirs (especially where both sexes are admitted) are, according to my experience, the too frequent occasions. The change in this matter which, through the kind aid of Mr. Burns, I was enabled to carry out on first coming to the mission four years ago, has obtained me, in more than one instance, the *thanks* of those very ladies whose feelings (even had it been effected, as I fear it was not, with all that scrupulous care to avoid offence, which your Reviewer describes as having been practised in some similar case which has fallen under his experience) it had so obvious a tendency to hurt.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

F. CANON OAKELEY.

St. John's, Islington.

Feast of St. Gregory the Great.

## TURKS AND CHRISTIANS.

*Note to the second article in our last Number.*

[The kindness of a correspondent has placed at our disposal the following extract from a private letter. Its appositeness, as an illustration of the article in our last Number on the relative position of Turks and Christians under Turkish rule, will make it interesting to all our readers. At the same time, we must protest against being supposed to have any sympathy with the Russians. We could heartily wish that the contending parties might realise the fable of the Kilkenny cats.]